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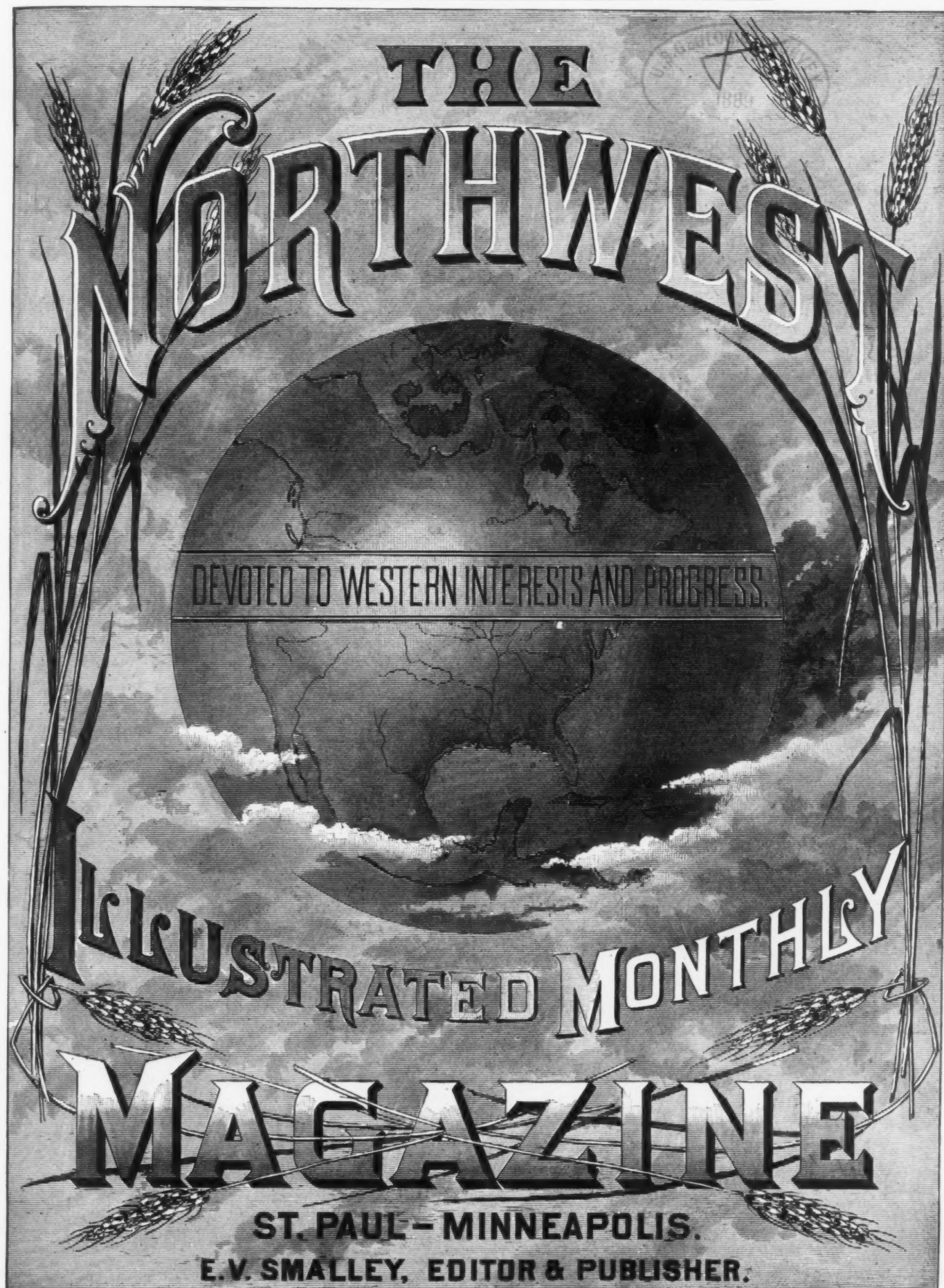
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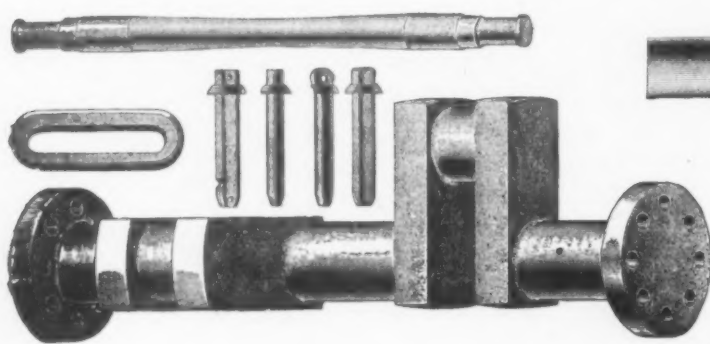
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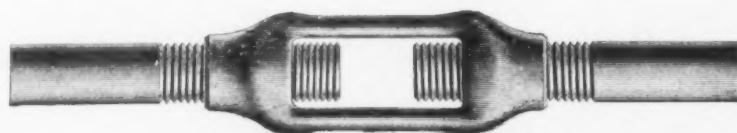
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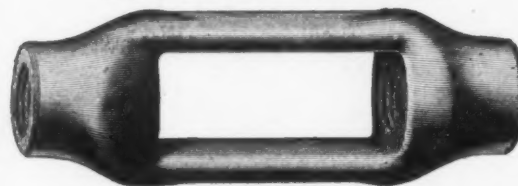
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THE NORTHWEST

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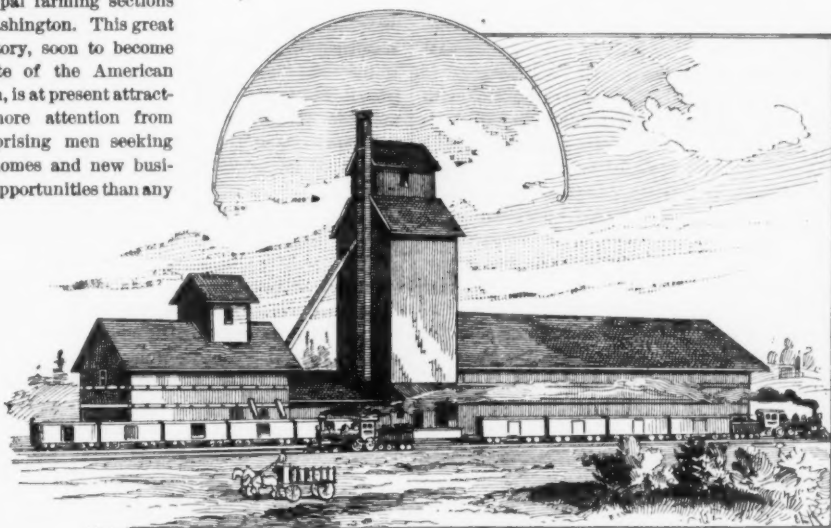
NEW REGIONS FOR FARMERS.

A Tour in the Attractive Agricultural Districts of Washington Territory.

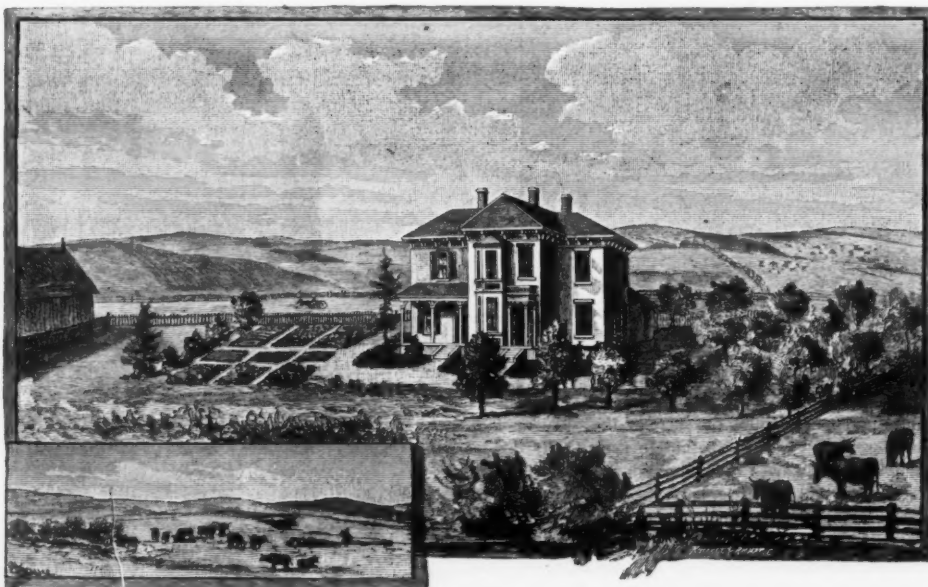
During the month of June the travelling party of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE visited the best agricultural districts of Washington Territory with a view of examining their resources, gathering the experience and opinion of settlers as to their productiveness and climatic peculiarities, and taking note of the movements of the incoming tide of home-seekers. The purpose of the expedition was not to observe the progress of the large central towns, for they had all been recently described in these pages, but to see where the farmers are going and especially to point out, from actual knowledge, gained on the ground, the openings for more farmers to settle on good land during the coming year. Incidentally the growth of a number of new towns largely dependent upon the support of neighboring farming country was noted, and these places were pictured as evidences of the rapid development of the country and as favorable points for immigrants to stop in while looking for land to purchase or homestead. During the tour a glimpse was had of the southern verge of the Big Bend Country, near Cheney, Medical Lake and Sprague, a thorough examination was made of the extensive and rich Palouse Country, the party going as far south as Lewiston and stopping at Rosalia, Oakesdale, Bel-

mont, Pullman, Uniontown and Genesee; the fertile irrigated region of the middle Yakima Valley and its tributary valleys was visited, a day was spent in the beautiful hop-garden valley of the Puyallup, and the handsome valley of the Chehalis, redeemed from the forests, was the scene of a pleasant excursion. Thus the journey covered the principal farming sections of Washington. This great Territory, soon to become a State of the American Union, is at present attracting more attention from enterprising men seeking new homes and new business opportunities than any

other portion of the West. We are confident that the following descriptive articles, with their illustrations, will be welcomed by thousands of Eastern readers, who think of joining the great march of Western migration. Our aim is to furnish such readers with clear, concise and truthful information freshly



GRAIN ELEVATOR OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC ELEVATOR CO., CHENEY, W. T.



A STOCK AND GRAIN FARM NEAR CHENEY, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

gathered in the regions described. Other portions of Washington, such as the Umatilla Country, the new Okanogan mining district and the valleys and towns of Lower Puget Sound, will be the themes of articles in future numbers of the magazine.

THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

The term Big Bend Country is usually applied to all that part of Washington Territory lying between the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad west of Spokane Falls and the great bend of the Columbia River. It is the newest extensive farming region in the Territory and the fact that two railroad lines are now being built across it, one by the Northern Pacific and the other by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, attracts fresh attention to it as a good field for settlers. On the present trip we were able to see only the southern verge of this region, but on a previous journey by wagon, made about two years ago in company with Col. Chas. B. Lamborn and E. A. Burbank of St. Paul, the editor of THE NORTHWEST traversed the entire region, spending seven days between Medical Lake and the Columbia at Rock Island Rapids. Since then thousands of settlers have gone into the



THE BANK OF CHENEY, CHENEY, W. T.

region, but it is still very sparsely peopled and contains tens of thousands of acres of good farming land into which a plowshare has never been thrust.

The country is a rolling bunch-grass plain, with occasional strips of pine timber. Being a high plateau it is but scantily watered with streams and most farmers depend upon wells for watering their stock. Good water is everywhere obtained at moderate depths. The soil is a decomposed basalt and yields large crops of wheat, barley, rye, oats and potatoes. Apples, plums, pears, currants, cherries and berries are easily grown. The natural pastures afford good range for stock for at least ten months of the year. There is no fault to be found with the climate, the winters lasting only six weeks, and the summer nights being always cool. A long growing and out-

bia, will some day be devoted to agriculture. In the meantime there is no lack of land where the new settler need take no risk as to moisture sufficient to grow his crops.

CHENEY AND ITS ATTRACTIVE FARMING COUNTRY.

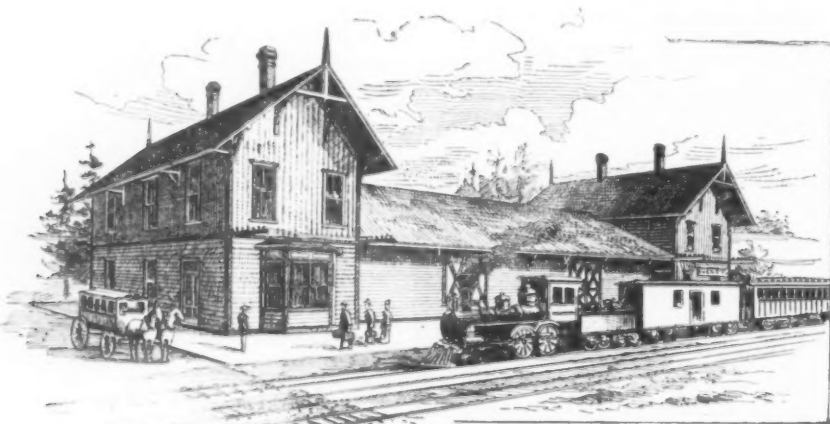
Cheney, sixteen miles west of Spokane Falls, population about fifteen hundred, is a town settled by an intelligent class of people chiefly engaged in trade with the agricultural regions surrounding the place. It stands in the northern edge of the seven mile wide

further west than had heretofore been supposed. Most of the county of Adams, of which Ritzville is the county town, was thought to be a stock country only a few years ago, but its prairies now contain hundreds of productive wheat and barley farms. If the common belief in increasing rain-fall is a correct one, the whole of the Big Bend, as far as the Colum-

sixty-five miles north of Cheney, to the Spokane River and down that stream to its junction with the Columbia the land is all first rate for farming except here and there small patches where the volcanic rocks come up to the surface. These patches, known as scab-land, are by no means valueless, for the grass is good upon them and in most cases they support a light growth of pines. A quarter section with twenty or thirty acres of pine-covered scab land upon it is more valuable to a settler than a claim consisting wholly of plow land. The good country reaches westward from the mouth of the Spokane, along the south side of the Columbia, for a distance of about fifty miles in a belt thirty miles wide. Then comes the



CHENEY ACADEMY, CHENEY, W. T.



NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD DEPOT, CHENEY, W. T.

door working season is the most striking peculiarity of the climate. Cyclones are unknown and the blizzard is to the settlers only a tale or a memory of the far-off East.

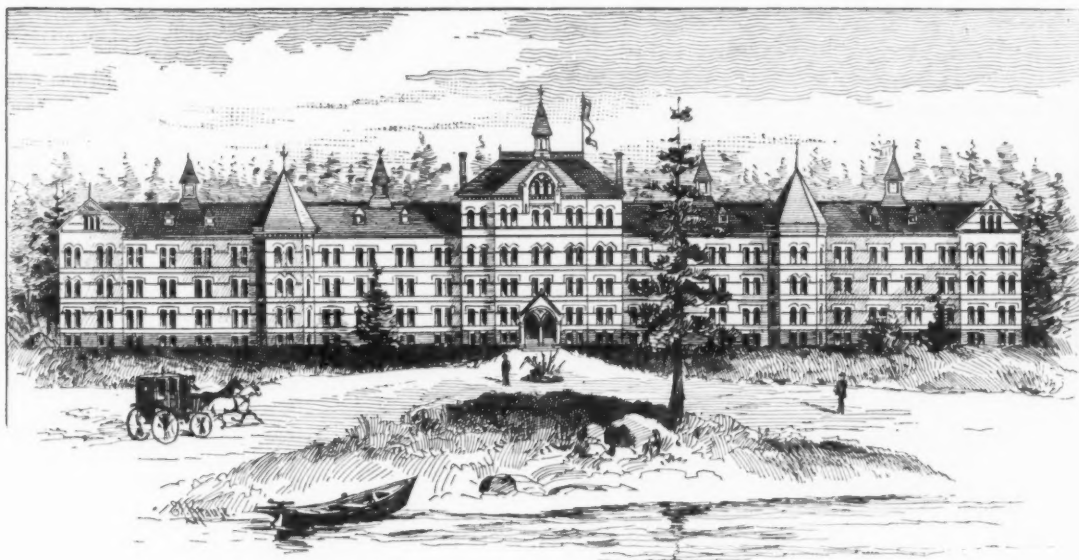
In the Big Bend Country there are about 3,000 square miles of excellent farming land, lying in the form of an inverted letter L and partly enclosing an extensive plains country where there is not enough rain-fall for farming and where sheep and cattle-raising are the only industries. This dry country has, however, no fixed boundaries. It is being invaded year by year by farmers, who find that the arid belt begins a little

belt of grassy forest land, which begins at the Spokane Plain and stretches in a southwestern direction for a distance of nearly thirty miles. The rolling farming lands begin at the edge of the town on the northern and western side, but in a southerly direction it is about seven miles through the timber. The woods are full of cattle, however, the whole ground being well-grassed, and the timber is invaluable to the settlers. The farming region nearest at hand is the extreme southeastern part of the great plains region known as the Big Bend Country, from the fact that it extends to the Big Bend of the Columbia. For

Grand Coulee, a huge volcanic fissure, and beyond this crevice in the earth's surface, there is first a stretch of about thirty miles of dry grazing country, and then another agricultural belt lying in the elbow of the Columbia, along the slopes of Badger Mountain. Settlement is all new in the Big Bend Country, and has progressed slowly on account of the lack of railway facilities. This year the Northern Pacific will build a branch for forty miles northward from Cheney, with a temporary terminus at Davenport. An outlet for the grain of the region will thus be afforded and in anticipation of the speedy coming of the road, settlers have been going into the country of late in large numbers. It is now the only extensive part of Washington where fertile prairie land can be found for occupancy under the homestead law. No irrigation



D. F. PERCIVAL, PRESIDENT BANK OF CHENEY.



EASTERN WASHINGTON INSANE ASYLUM, MEDICAL LAKE, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

is required for raising crops. The soil is brown loam, with a considerable admixture of volcanic ash, and contains the mineral ingredients most favorable for the production of wheat, oats, rye and barley. Streams are not numerous, but pure, soft water can everywhere be had by digging wells twenty or thirty feet deep. The native grass gives the best of pasturage for stock. There is no trouble in raising shade trees. Orchards are still rare, but settlers who have taken the pains to plant apple trees or small fruit trees find that they thrive with no more care than is given them in the East. It is a pleasant country for homes, and with the building of a railroad farming and stock-raising combined, will be remunerative.

The general facts as to the climate of the Big Bend Country are short winters, with cold snaps alternating with spells of the Chinook wind, which melts off the snow rapidly; an early spring, so early as to admit of plowing in February; a long summer, with warm, cloudless days and cool nights; a delightful autumn, prolonged to the middle of December. The health conditions of the whole region are excellent.

Beside the Northern Pacific branch, known as the Eastern Washington Railroad, the Big Bend Country is being intersected by a road building west from Spokane Falls in the interest of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Company, with the intention of connecting with that road somewhere in the Yakima Valley. It may be two or three years before the connection is made, but meanwhile the new road will serve a good purpose in peopling the Big Bend Country and in giving it an additional outlet for its products.

Cheney prides itself with good reason on its handsome and healthful situation. The town slopes gently from the pine woods on the south to the crest of a range of hills which command an immense prospect over the Palouse Country as far as Steptoe Butte some fifty miles distant. The pines have not all been sacrificed to build the town; enough of them have been preserved to shade the streets and dwellings. At the top of the hill stands the Cheney Academy, an excellent educational institution built and presented to the town by Benjamin Cheney, of Boston, one of the Northern Pacific directors. Other conspicuous buildings are the grain elevator, the largest in Eastern

Washington, the flouring mill and the town hall. With the exception of the new building lately erected by Paul Bocion the stores are still the original frame structures put up when the place got its first rapid start. The life of Cheney is better represented by its pleasant homes, surrounded by fruit trees and flower gardens, than by its business street. At one of these homes I was shown a flourishing orchard of apple, pear, plum, prune and cherry trees as the best possible answer to my question about the success of fruit culture in this part of Eastern Washington. An inquiry as to the prosperity of the farmers in the country tributary to Cheney was met with just as positive proof furnished from the books of the Bank of Cheney, by Messrs. Percival & Andrus. These gentlemen have placed 390 farm loans since they

Improved farms near Cheney can be bought at from \$10 to \$20 an acre. A quarter section at \$10 would have about forty acres cultivated and under fence. For \$20 an acre the place would all be fenced, with fair buildings for a new country and with about sixty acres of tilled land. A more definite idea of the cost of land can be had from a few examples of places now offered for sale. For 160 acres only a mile from the town, all fenced, twenty acres in grain, no buildings, \$10 an acre is asked. For 160 acres three miles from the town, all fenced, sixty acres under cultivation, small house and barn, \$1,300. For 160 acres four miles from town, all first rate land, no cultivation or fencing, \$10 an acre. For 320 acres two miles from Medical Lake, twenty acres plowed, forty fenced, \$8.50 an acre. For a railroad section of 640 acres on Silver

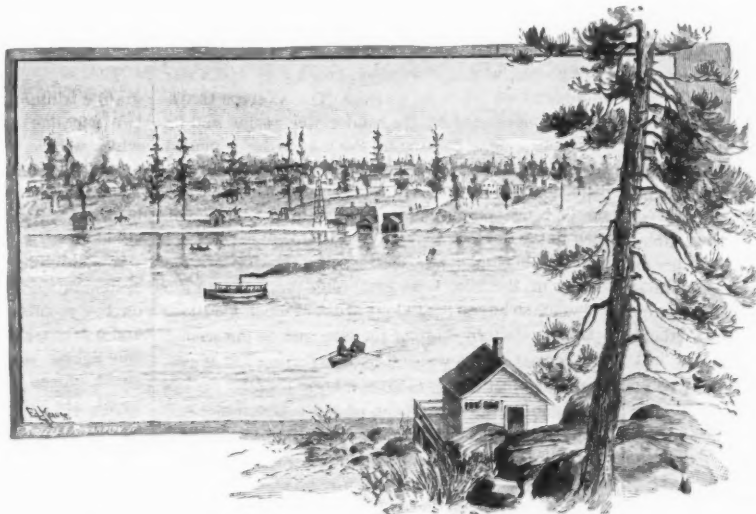
Lake, five miles from Cheney, 160 acres plow land, remainder pine woods or scrub land with good grass, \$4.50 for two of the quarters and \$6.50 for other two. Quarter sections of railroad land, all good for cultivation are held by the company at \$6.00 to \$7.50, according to location in reference to towns.

Cheney is a good place for settlers to leave their families while looking for land. Expenses of living are less than in larger towns. Rooms and occasionally small houses can be rented temporarily at very low rates, and settlers can set up some of their household goods and avoid paying hotel bills, while arranging to take up claims or buy improved farms. Maps of all the country for forty miles around can be seen at the office of Percival & Andrus, showing the character of each section of land, what quarters are still open

for homesteading, and those still in the possession of the railroad company, and the prices asked. These maps are of great convenience to settlers looking for locations.

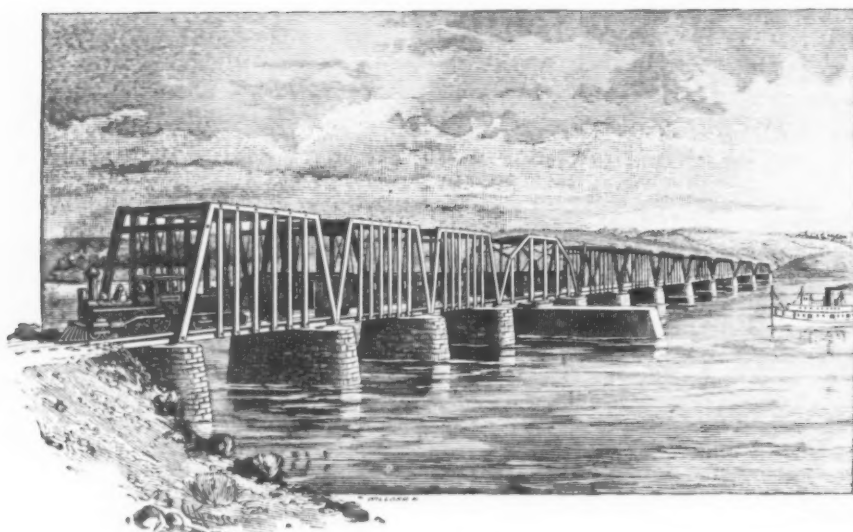
MEDICAL LAKE.

When the Northern Pacific train stops at Cheney, passengers are sure to notice an enormous white sign board, erected on tall posts, which announces in staring letters that Medical Lake, the modern "Pool of Siloam," is only nine miles distant, and specifies the human ailments for which its waters have healing



MEDICAL LAKE, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

went into business a few years ago and only two cases have occurred of default in the regular payment of interest. The loans run three, four or five years. In many cases, as I was shown by the record book, the interest has been anticipated and the principal paid before due. Such facts as these speak volumes for the prosperity of the farmers around Cheney. Percival & Andrus say that they have never been obliged to pay a lawyer a dollar for collecting and have never made either lender or borrower any unnecessary expense. Their bills for recording and abstracting average over \$100 a month. The loans they have placed range in amounts from \$300 to \$3,000.



NEW NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE COLUMBIA RIVER.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

properties. The nine miles of distance are soon traversed over good roads winding through a hilly country, where crops of wheat and barley cover both hills and valleys, and herds of fat cattle graze upon luxuriant bunch grass of pastures, gay with glowing blossoms of the wild sun flower.

As you approach the lake, the road enters open forests of pine. Brown masses of volcanic rock crop out here and there between the scattered trunks of trees wild roses bloom everywhere. There are occasional small pools half hidden by the pads and blossoms of the water lily. Suddenly you come out of the woods into a pleasant little village, on one side of which high stretches of farming country reach out to the horizon, while on the other side lies the modern Pool of Siloam of which the sign board told you.

This wonderful little lake is about two miles long and a half mile wide. Its name is a singularly fortunate and appropriate one. On the side opposite the town, the shore is covered with an open growth of pine, and rises rather abruptly to a ridge of huge granite rocks. Cottages and bath houses line this shore. On the village shore, there is a hot bath establishment and two manufacturing concerns engaged in boiling down the strong mineral water to produce a white salt which is sold in the drug stores, and from which you can make Medical Lake water at home for either bathing or drinking.

The lake is about fifty feet deep in the center, sloping gradually to the shore, and its waters are of a dark chocolate brown color. The waters reminds you of nothing so much as a pretty strong dilution of the old fashioned soft soap which our grand-mothers used to make by the barrel and keep standing just outside the kitchen door. They have the same smooth soapy feeling, and possess extraordinary cleansing properties. At the bottom of the lake there is a curious jelly like deposit of about a foot in depth, which contains in a much more concentrated form all the mineral properties of the water. An analysis of the Medical Lake water, made by a Chicago chemist, shows it to contain the following ingredients in grains:

Sodic Chloride.....	16.370	Alumic Oxide.....	.175
Potassic Chloride.....	9.241	Sodic Silicate.....	10.638
Lithic Carbonate.....	Traces	Potassic Sulphate.....	Traces
Sodic Carbonate.....	63.543	Sodic Diborate.....	Traces
Magnesium Carbonate.....	.251	Organic Matter.....	.551
Ferrous Carbonate.....	.526		
Calcic Carbonate.....	.186		101.463

Physicians may have some difficulty, in accounting for the curative effects of a water in which salt, soda, and borax are the principal medical constituents, but there can be no doubt about the cures that are made every year by the hundred. Washington and Oregon abound in witnesses to the decided remedial effects of these brown, soapy waters. You may see any day on the piazzas of the Medical Lake hotels

groups of rheumatics who have come to be cured, and if you stay long enough you will see that they drop their canes and crutches after a week or two and go home rejoicing, to be replaced by others day by day. Besides rheumatism and catarrh, all forms of skin diseases and inflammation are cured here. People drink the waters for stomach troubles and use them in hot and cold baths for a great variety of disorders. In the summer time hundreds of country people come with their wagons and camp upon the shores of the lake, bringing sick members of their families to be healed.

The fame of Medical Lake as a health resort has not yet spread much beyond the Pacific Northwest but is fast making its way east of the Rocky Mountains. In a few months more two railroads will pass the lake on their way into the Big Bend Country, one from Cheney and one from Spokane Falls. The number of visitors will greatly increase when these roads are built and the little town is preparing to accommodate them. The village contains three or four hundred people, with a newspaper, two hotels and a fair equipment of business houses. The Cottage House can be commended for its comfortable rooms and its excellent table. Boating on the lake is the principal diversion. There are plenty of row-boats and the little steam yacht can be hired for large parties; there are bathing houses and bathing suits for those who wish to try open air bathing and there are several hot bath establishments. The specific gravity of the waters of the lake is so great that they buoy up the swimmer so he can float along without much exertion.

On the western shore of the lake and on the second terrace back of the water line, the Territory of Washington has just begun to erect a large hospital for the insane under the supervision of three commissioners, D. M. Drumheller of Spokane Falls, Stanley Hallett, of Medical Lake and B. B. Glasscock, of Sprague. The architect is J. G. Proctor, who is supervising the construction. The contract for enclosing the building calls for the expenditure of \$52,000, and when equipped for patients the asylum will have cost about \$100,000. The location is beautiful and all the sanitary conditions will be made as perfect as possible. It is the intention to use the waters of the lake very freely for the benefit of the patients. The establishment of so important an institution at Medical Lake will undoubtedly be of very considerable business advantage to the place. The hospital, together with the approach of the two railroads, have given to the quiet little town a strong impetus and growth. Property has advanced to nearly double the prices of a year ago and many building enterprises are on foot. The special need of the place is a sanitarium under the charge of a competent physician, who will make a careful study of the curative properties of the water

and provide under the same roof with the living accommodations for patients a first class modern bathing establishment, so arranged that invalids can go directly from their rooms to the baths in the same building. There is a fortune here waiting the right man who is competent to direct such an establishment. A capital of about \$50,000 would be required.

There are many pleasant drives around Medical Lake both through the basaltic timbered country which surrounds it and out into the rich farming region lying on the North and the West. Medical Lake is one of a group of lakes lying within a radius of five or six miles. Two others, Granite Lake and Little Medical have strong medical properties. Clear Lake and Silver Lake are formed of pure spring water and have picturesque shores of basaltic rock and pine forests. The whole region is very attractive to the tourist as well as to invalids and it is not extravagant to predict that with the rapidly increasing population of Eastern Washington and the growing interest in the Pacific Northwest shown by Eastern tourists, the little town on the shore of the modern Pool of Siloam will, before many years have a population ten times as great as it can now count.

Commissioner Hallett furnishes the following detailed description of the new Insane Hospital building:

The Medical Lake Hospital for the Insane is situated near the shore of Medical Lake at an altitude of about 180 feet above the water on a very picturesque site surrounded by evergreens of natural growth and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The extreme length of the building is 416 feet, the centre portion being four stories high, 45x75, the lower floors of which will be used for executive offices and the fourth story as an amusement hall. The wings each side of the centre building will be each forty-five feet wide by 170 feet six inches long and three stories high and will be used for the patients. At the rear of the centre building will be officers, and attendants, dining rooms, with dormitories on the second floor, and immediately back of this building will be the power house, boiler house and steam laundry. The whole of the structure will have a granite basement quarried from the magnificent quarries on the ground near the building and will contain somewhat over 300 cords of stone. The walls will be worked in broken ashler with all external angles neatly cut.

The superstructure will be of red bricks with granite trimmings and will contain, when completed, two and one quarter millions (2,250,000) of bricks which will be made near the building site. The roofs of all the buildings will be covered with patent metallic shingles laid on felt and all the cornices will be of galvanized iron. The building will require over six hundred thousand (600,000) feet of lumber. The whole building will be lighted with an incandescent system of electric light, the electricity being generated on the premises by a forty horse power Ball engine and a fifty horse-power boiler and will require nearly 300 lights. The whole building will be heated by steam with all the latest and most approved appliances. Great care will be taken with the plumbing which will contain two systems, one for fresh spring water, of which there is an abundant supply on the ground, and another system for Medical Lake water, thus giving the patients all the advantages of this justly celebrated medicated water.

This building when completed will be the largest and one of the most handsome buildings in the Territory, the style of architecture being modern Gothic. J. G. Proctor of Tacoma is the architect of the building and has also been appointed by the commissioners to superintend the erection thereof.

SPRAGUE AND ITS FINE AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY.

Travelers passing over the Northern Pacific Railroad, who are not familiar with the peculiar topography of Eastern Washington and know little of its agricultural wealth, would not imagine, when their train halts at Sprague and they step out on the long depot platform to take a look at the place, that it is

supported by a remarkably fertile agricultural country. The town lies in a deep valley, so narrow that it would be called a "coulee" in Dakota. All this valley is bordered by ledges of black volcanic rock. There are neither trees nor gardens in the busy, compact town, and what little can be seen of the country beyond the basaltic rocks certainly does not suggest agriculture, yet you have only to drive a mile or two north or west to come out on a high rolling plateau where the soil is a rich brown loam, where the bunch grass is knee high and where broad fields of wheat and other grains are waving in the sunlight. Through the kindness of B. B. Glascock, who is perhaps the largest farmer in the region, I was enabled, during the day's stay of our party, to get a good general idea of this farming region. We drove in a northerly direction at first, and then turning to the west made a circuit of about eighteen miles before returning to the town. At no time were we out of sight of well cultivated farms, although we saw a great deal of virgin soil awaiting settlement. The road ran up hill and down, the face of the country being everywhere decidedly undulating. On the rounded summits of the hills we could see far off north, east and west, over vast stretches of the same hilly prairie. On the southern horizon lay the long pine timber belt of which I have spoken in preceding articles. This woody district terminates about ten miles east of Sprague. The highest elevation surmounted during the drive gave us a view

of ten or fifteen cents for the owner of the land. A fair crop for this particular region is twenty-five bushels to the acre, although in dry years the lazy, careless farmer, who fails to get the seed in early, may not get more than fifteen bushels. Mr. Glascock has 100 head of cattle, and last winter he fed them for four weeks, only, fodder being thrashed straw from the stacks. Barley, he thinks, pays better than wheat. Rye is raised for fodder and cut when the grain is in the milk. Timothy has not yet been extensively introduced. The land is fenced with cedar posts cut in Idaho and delivered at the railroad station at the cost of about six cents each, and on these posts three strings of barb wire are stretched. The cost of fencing per mile is from \$110 to \$125. Settlers haul their wood from the forests ten miles distant. Headers are used much more than binders for cutting grain and if run by experienced men are not wasteful; the cutting board can be raised or lowered according to the height of the grain. The common price per acre for cutting and stacking is \$1.25, and for thrashing three and a half cents per bushel. Wages of farm labor are thirty dollars per month and board. When land is worked on shares the landlord gets one-fourth of the crop, the tenant furnishing everything, or one-third in case he furnishes teams and seed.

There is plenty of room for more people in the extensive country north of Sprague, and the town is a good stopping point for settlers. Competition is

first town on the Spokane and Palouse Railroad south of its junction at Marshall with the main line of the Northern Pacific. The distance is twelve miles, but we made a detour of three miles for the purpose of visiting the stock farm of the Rock Creek Cattle Company, a new enterprise managed by John W. Sharp, G. J. Ross and Wm. O'Brien, all young Canadians. The rocky belt of pine land through which the N. P. runs from Spokane Falls to Sprague seems of little value to the traveller who only glances at it from the car windows, but it is in reality of great advantage to the rolling plains on either side for the fuel and fencing timber it furnishes and every acre of it is good stock range. The open woods are thickly dotted with little ponds and marshes, where there is always water for stock and where wild hay can be cut for the short winter feeding season. The counties of Spokane and Lincoln are much in better condition for the possession of this timber belt than they would be if their whole area consisted of arable land. It is about eight miles across the forest from Cheney to the open country south of it. Near the outer edge of the timber where there are copious springs, low lying fields for timothy and higher ground for rye hay, the new cattle company has an attractive ranch and has begun to raise graded stock. All the conditions are favorable for success in raising cattle and horses here. The grass is good for nine or ten months of the year, winter feed can be cheaply grown, local markets in



VIEW OF SPRAGUE, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

down into the pleasant valley of Crab Creek, and also into Lord's Valley, which is valued as the finest agricultural district in this region. On the far northern horizon, sixty or seventy miles distant, we saw the blue summits of the mountains lying north of the Big Bend of the Columbia River between the mouth of the Spokane and that of the Okanogan. This prospect gives a striking impression of an immense fertile region rich in possibilities of agricultural development, and very sparsely occupied as yet by settlers. All this region belongs to what is known in Washington under the general name of the Big Bend Country. It contains more good land still in the possession of the government and open to homestead and preemption claims than can be found in any other region west of the Rocky Mountains.

As we drove along, enjoying the fresh breeze and perfume of the wild roses by the road side, my companion gave me some points on farming. He owns 1,400 acres of land, and is cultivating this year about 800 acres. He says it pays to raise wheat even at as low prices as from forty to fifty cents a bushel. That it pays the small farmer using his own teams and his own labor I did not doubt, for the settlers are everywhere getting ahead and improving their places. Mr. Glascock says that it pays a farmer doing work on a large scale to hire men and teams. The highest cost of raising wheat, charging all expense to the crop, he puts at fifty-five cents a bushel, so that there is a mar-

active in all lines of trade and especially in agricultural implements, prices of which are quite reasonable in view of the distance from Eastern factories.

Sprague is a busy town of 1,600 people, and shows positive evidences of prosperity in the improvement of its streets, the erection of brick business blocks, as well as in its large public school-house, and its court-house. It has a Catholic school and railroad shops. The town is the repair shop and car-building point for all that part of the Northern Pacific road between the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. About 300 mechanics are employed in the shops, and every regular month's pay-roll furnishes a steady income for the merchants of the town. Sprague is the principal head quarters for the Idaho division of the Northern Pacific, and the company has erected a large, handsome building for the use of its officers. A brewery, using the barley raised in the surrounding country and the hops from the Puyallup Valley brings a great deal of money to the town and to the farmers. Our artist has sketched the town looking northward from the roof of one of the dwellings of the southern out-skirts of the place. The public school building and a number of the best residences are not included in the view.

A STOCK FARM NEAR CHENEY.

By invitation of D. F. Percival, of Cheney, I drove with him across country from Cheney to Spangle, the

the towns are close at hand and Eastern markets can be reached by direct rail shipments. Mr. Sharp gave the following as the present prices for cattle—yearlings, \$15; two-year-olds, \$22.50; cows with calves \$35; milch cows, \$45 to \$50. Young horses well-broken are worth from \$100 to \$150.

After an excellent dinner prepared by the hostess at short notice for three hungry men and one very hungry boy as guests, in addition to the members of the family, we drove out of the woods and through the hilly well-cultivated country, to the town of Spangle. Large fields of wheat, oats and barley alternated with flowery pastures where sleek cattle and horses were feeding. The farm improvements and the amount of stock showed that the people are prosperous. The only criticism possible to make upon the country would be that so few inhabitants ought not to hold so large an area of highly productive soil. Fresh immigration will soon fill up the country, however.

Spangle was a thriving country market town before the railroad ran through it. It has three or four hundred people. Its bright little newspaper is published by the Inkster Brothers, who are singularly well-named for their profession. Mr. Spangle, who laid out the place seven years ago is one of its most successful citizens and rejoices in its steady growth.

THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.

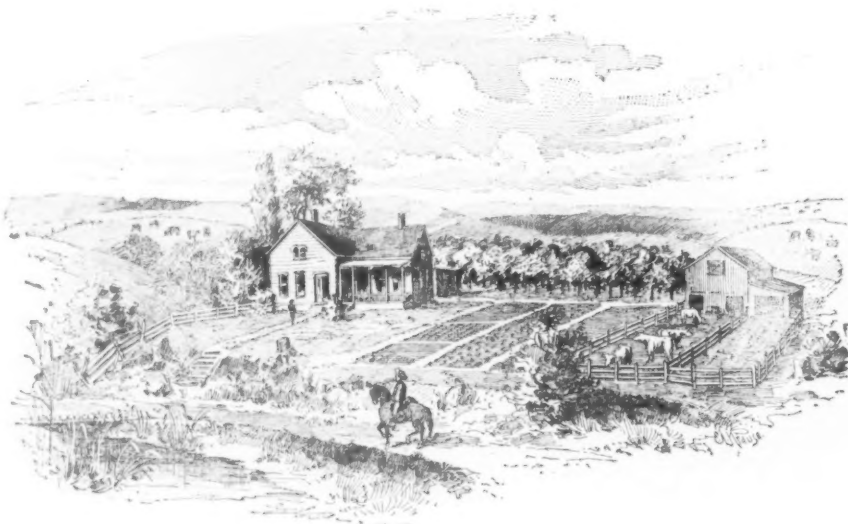
The Palouse Country, some of the most attractive portions of which are described in the following articles, is a broad strip of highly fertile hilly or rolling land, lying partly in Eastern Washington and partly in Northern Idaho, on the western side of the Cœur d'Alene Mountains and the spurs of the Bitter Root Mountains, and having, roughly outlined, a length of 100 miles and a width of thirty. It begins just south of the pine forest belt through which the Northern Pacific Railroad's main line runs from Spokane Falls to Sprague, the open country commencing about seven miles from the road, and extends to the Clearwater and Snake rivers. Its western boundary is not closely defined, and consists of a large pasture country, too dry for farming for the most part, but into which the line of cultivation is steadily advancing.

The Palouse Country is well supplied with rail transportation facilities. Throughout its whole length, and about midway of its width, runs the recently built Spokane and Palouse branch of the Northern Pacific, and across it from west to east extends the Columbia and Palouse branch of the O. R. & N. system, with its two prongs separating at Colfax, one of which runs up to the mountains at Moscow and the other going farther north, reaches Farmington. The country is of nearly uniform fertility, the soil being a deep brown loam, covered in a wild state with a heavy growth of bunch-grass. The climate is as free from objectionable features as that of any farming district in the United States, the winters being short and only moderately cold, the summers long and breezy and the springs and falls pleasant and remarkably free from storms and disagreeable weather. All the small grains yield heavy and reliable crops. Orchards of apples, cherries, plums and pears are easily reared and in some localities peaches do well. Land is still cheap and the region offers an excellent and peculiarly attractive field for farming immigration. The chief towns are Colfax, Moscow, Farmington, Rosalia, Spangle, Oakesdale, Garfield, Palouse City, Pullman, Uniontown, Genesee and Colton. All are reached by rail. The surplus wheat and barley of the region have two outlets to market, first to Duluth and other Eastern cities and second to the Pacific Coast seaports of Tacoma and Portland. Stockraising is everywhere profitable. Lumber and fuel are furnished by the pine forests on the neighboring mountains. In a word the Palouse Country is a region where the farmer has every thing in his favor that nature can offer in climate and soil, and has the advantage of established towns and railway lines to the great markets of the country.

ROSALIA, ON PINE CREEK.

The first town on the railroad south of Spangle is Rosalia, in the Pine Creek Valley, forty-five miles from Spokane Falls. This place had a name on the maps at an early day. It was a stage station on the road from Colfax to the Falls and had a general merchandise store and a blacksmith shop. So it remained till the railroad put new people and new business activity into the entire Palouse Country. Last Fall the place began to grow rapidly and its hill side is cov-

ered with new buildings. Rosalia has now a town hall seating 600 people, two general stores, two groceries, a hardware store, a drug store, two millinery stores, a livery stable, two hotels, one furniture store, a chop mill, two agricultural implement concerns, four grain warehouses, a bakery and a real estate office. East of the town there is a solid stretch of splendid farm land, every foot highly fertile, reaching to a spur of the Cœur d'Alene Mountains. Northward the farming land extends for eighteen miles to the woods near Spokane Falls. Westward it is about twenty miles to the rocky belt of timber ending near Sprague. To the southwest the first-class farming land reaches out for forty miles and in a southerly direction it goes as far as Lewiston on the Snake River, eighty miles distant. The further growth of the town is assured by these large expanses of agricultural land all capable of producing forty bushels of wheat to the acre. The average crop last year in the country ten miles around Rosalia was thirty-seven bushels to the acre. Geo. D. Anderson, the real estate agent, threshed sixty bushels to the acre from a small field of eight acres. An old farmer, Mr. Adams, told me that in the only year of drought he has seen since he came into the country he actually raised a crop of twenty-seven bushels to the acre without any rain fall whatever. He sowed the grain in



A FARM SCENE IN THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.—[From a sketch by Kruse.]

the latter part of April and harvested in August. This remarkable ability of the soil to withstand a drought comes from two things, first the bed of solid clay that everywhere underlies the loam and second from the fact that in the clay is curiously little pipe-like holes, the largest about the size of a pencil, that appear to go down deep to the water and draw up moisture when the surface of the ground is heated by the sun. The depth of the loam averages about twenty inches, but on the flats it is from three to four feet thick.

Wheat is all sown in the spring in this region. Fall sowing on stubble land is not successful, but if the land were summer fallowed and the seed put in early a good crop would doubtless result. Sowing begins early in March and may be continued till the first of June. There are over two months in which to take off the harvest. These remarkably long seasons for both planting and reaping account for the great amount of acreage cultivated in proportion to the population. Where are all the people who raise this grain? the stranger to the country asks when he notices how few are the farm houses and how great is the amount of land in crop. The varieties of wheat raised are the Little club, the Chili club and the Australian club. Hard Fife wheat from Northern Minnesota has been tried but it speedily changes to soft wheat under the influence of the new climatic conditions.

Timothy grows well on the flats but on the hillsides it thickens up too much so that the stalks become small. Clover and alfalfa are successful. Blue grass and orchard grass are just beginning to be tried. Water is found in springs all over the country and there are few quarter sections without a spring. In Rosalia the deepest well is thirty-four feet. All the water of the region is soft, a fact an observant traveler notes without inquiry, by the lack of eaves troughs on the house to catch rain water for washing. Intending immigrants to Washington will, perhaps, be interested to know the prices here of the common necessities of life. At Rosalia flour sells at \$4 per barrel, granulated sugar, eleven pounds for a dollar; hams fourteen cents per pound; bacon eleven and a half cents; Walla Walla apples, \$3 per barrel; potatoes fifty cents per bushel; cabbages, seventy-five cents a hundred; turnips and carrots for feed, \$8 per ton; chickens \$4 per dozen; eggs in June, twenty cents per dozen; butter in June, twenty-five cents per pound; pine wood brought in by rail, \$4 per cord; Roslyn coal, \$6 to \$8 per ton; dry goods and hardware are about ten per cent higher than in St. Paul; agricultural implements about twenty-five per cent. higher. All fencing is of barbed wire, which costs six and one-half cents per pound, or two cents more than in Minnesota. Fence posts of good cedar, cut on the

Pend d'Oreille River and brought in by rail, cost only six cents each. To put up a mile of three wire fence by contract costs \$115.

There is everywhere room for more people. Not more than one-tenth of the land is under cultivation. The prices of land can be gathered from the value set upon two tracts which Mr. Anderson had for sale the day of our visit to Rosalia. One was an unimproved quarter, for which the owner asked \$6 an acre. It lay only four miles from the town. Another was an improved quarter, with fifty acres under fence, forty in crop and a box house and barn. For this the price was \$1800; \$1,000 cash and the remainder in one and two

years. "Are there any drawbacks to the country," I asked one farmer. "Well, none that a contented and reasonable man finds fault with. The soil is productive, the climate pleasant and the health of the region good. Of course there are people who make objections. A settler from Texas will say that the winters are too cold for him and a settler from Minnesota will say that they are not cold enough. Some say it is too rainy and some that it does not rain enough. There are people who will kick about the climate when they get to heaven."

The wheat shipments from Rosalia, since the station was opened for business last September, were, up to the thirteenth of June, 110,000 bushels, with nearly as much more in the warehouses to go forward and perhaps 50,000 bushels of last year's crop still in the hands of the farmers. Some further idea of the business of this young town may be formed from the fact that the freight receipts for about nine months amounted to 314,357 pounds and the shipments to 588,140 pounds.

OAKESDALE.

Our sketch of Oakesdale represents a town barely eighteen months old. It had no existence in the spring of 1886. Not even a single house marked the

site of the place. The building of the railroad pointed out the spot as a natural town-site, by reason of the fact that seven country roads converged here, and all of them run down grade for several miles, making the point a good one for farmers to haul their grain to for shipment. The railway station once established, the new town thrived on its own merits. At the next station south of it—Belmont—special effort was made to build up a town, based on its being for a year the terminus of the railroad, but nothing came of it except a single store and a hotel. Oakesdale grew without any effort on the part of real estate speculators and is to-day one of the largest wheat markets and mercantile points in the country between Spokane Falls and the Snake River. It has two general stores, two hardware stores, one grocery and three agricultural implement houses, and has already bought of last season's wheat crop nearly 300,000 bushels. Of the present season's crop it expects to handle about half a million of bushels. Mr. H. H. Selfridge, one of the largest shippers, informs me that all the wheat from Oakesdale has thus far gone to Tacoma for shipment by sea to Europe. The barley of the region goes to Milwaukee and Chicago for the breweries. The price of wheat during the past year has ranged from forty-eight to fifty-three cents, including the sacks, the sacks being worth ten cents and holding two bushels. Barley is sold by the hundred weight, the price ranging from eighty cents to \$1.00.

The people have been too busy to build a church as yet, but they have put up a commodious school-house on a commanding site, and one denomination, the United Brethren, are getting ready to build. There are no licensed saloons in the town. The surrounding country, like the whole Palouse region, is a hilly prairie, if the word prairie can properly be applied to so uneven a surface. In its natural state the ground is covered with a heavy growth of bunch grass. The prevalent weeds are the wild sunflower and the wild geranium. Wild roses grow along the road sides and by the margin of the streams. The thistle has not yet invaded the land, and when once the sod is broken there are no weeds for the farmer to fight. The only enemy of the crops appears to be the ground squirrel. Against this little animal persistent war is waged by the boys from early in the spring until hot weather comes, when he retires to his burrow for his long sleep. A few years of effort will exterminate this pest. For a time the county of Whitman, in which Oakesdale is situated, paid a bounty of five cents each for squirrel scalps, but this was found to be a heavy drain on the public purse.

About one-tenth of the land around Oakesdale is under cultivation. Land is still very cheap considering its fertility, its certain heavy yield of the small grains and its convenience to towns and railroads.



ROSALIA, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

Six to eight dollars an acre buys unimproved land and farms with from fifty to eighty acres in crop can be had for from \$10 to \$15 an acre, according to the value of the improvements. Eastern farmers coming into this region with four or five thousand dollars can put themselves in excellent shape for successful farming and stock-raising on 320 acre farms. They will find a climate that could hardly be improved; the working season lasting fully nine months of the year, the summers being breezy and comfortable, the springs and autumns with very little disagreeable weather, and the winters short and only moderately cold. The best opportunities are for intelligent farmers with some means. This is no longer a poor man's country, for the reason that the government land is all taken. A country where there is good agricultural land for homesteading always attracts adventurous people with little or no means. Nowhere is capital more needed than for the cultivation of a perfectly virgin soil, but homesteaders have as a rule little besides their teams and household goods. Yet they manage to pull through, after a long struggle with mortgages. The forehanded settler is the kind of immigrant most needed now on the rich lands of the Palouse Country. He will not only enter at once on a career of prosperity but he will help the older settlers by buying a part of his land and enabling him better to improve and stock the remainder.

Oakesdale is named in honor of Thomas F. Oakes, General Manager of the Northern Pacific. It has a good name, a good situation and good prospects.

GARFIELD.

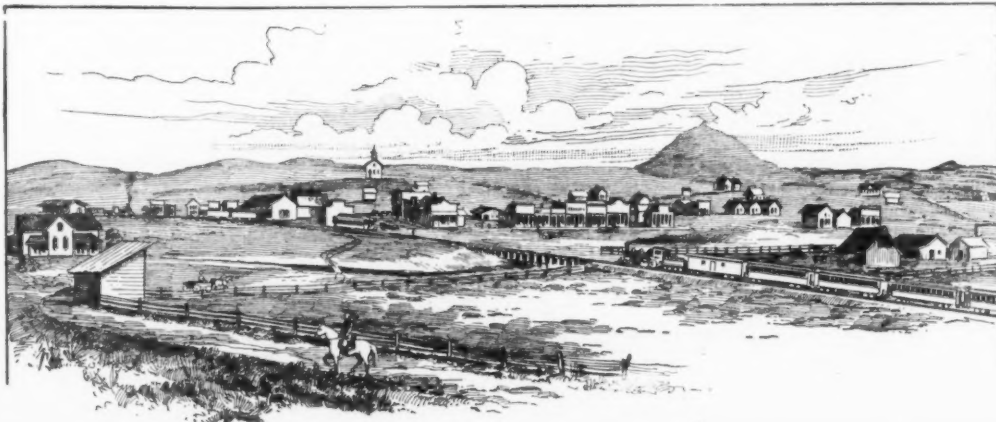
One of the new and growing towns in the Palouse Country is Garfield at the crossing of the Spokane and Palouse railroad with the Farmington Branch of the O. R. and N. I note a great change in this place since I drove through it last Fall in advance of the railway construction. So many new stores and dwell-

ings have been put up that the physiognomy of the town has entirely changed. The slopes of all the surrounding hills are covered with wheat fields and a great crop is in prospect. The general estimate of last year's yield is about thirty-three bushels to the acre; yet no one speaks of this as at all a remarkable crop. There appears to be no difference in the fertility of the hill-slopes and hill-tops and that of the flats and valleys. Whether a field will yield twenty-five or forty bushels to the acre appears to depend not at all on the soil or the lay of the land, but upon careful preparation of the ground and early sowing. All the farmers try to seed as much land as possible, and keep on putting in the seed so late that they do not expect to get heavy yields from the last fields sown. On a half section farm the owner will show you ground that gave him forty-five bushels to the acre and right beside it other ground of precisely the same soil that harvested perhaps only twenty. Then he will, very likely, show you a field where he got fifteen or twenty bushels from a volunteer crop. It is a wonderful wheat country, and is destined to support a prosperous family on every eighty acres.

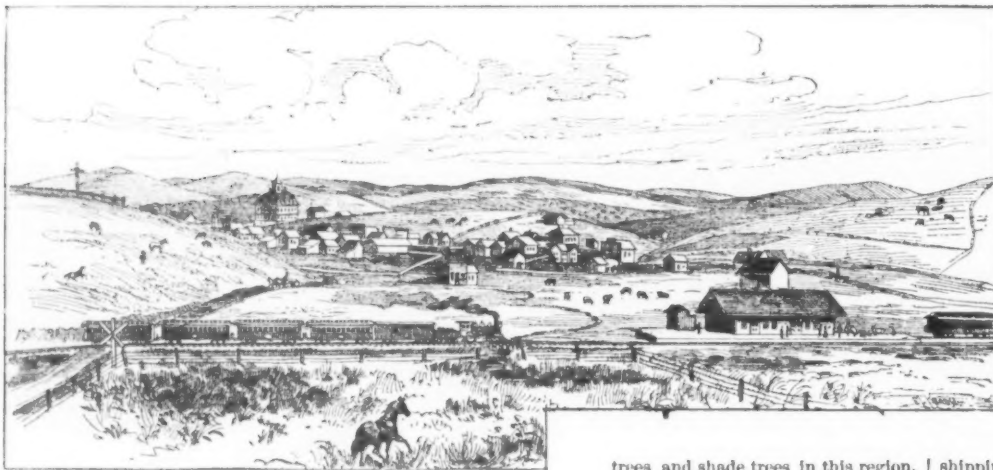
PALOUSE CITY.

Palouse City, the first town in the Palouse Country south of Garfield, and the largest town in the region traversed by the new Spokane and Palouse railroad, was fully described and illustrated in this magazine for November, 1887. Since then it has been scourged by a destructive fire which destroyed most of the business houses. At the date when THE NORTHWEST car passed through the place last June it was rapidly recovering from the disaster. Not only were the burned buildings being replaced with new and larger structures, but much new ground was being covered with business blocks and dwellings. The town seems to

have added nearly fifty per cent. to its population since October last. Its special advantage lies in its situation on the Palouse River, which makes it a point for manufacturing lumber, logs being run down the river from the forests on the mountain slopes about twenty miles distant. The surrounding farming country is as productive as any part of the famous Palouse region. The facilities of the town as a grain market are evident from the four grain warehouses that front upon the railroad track. Placer mining is still prosecuted on the upper waters of the Palouse and forty or fifty thousand dollars in gold nuggets and dust annually come in to the merchants of the town in payment for goods. It needs but a glance from the platform of a passing train to show that Palouse City is a vigorous, progressive place.



OAKESDALE, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]



UNIONTOWN, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krauss.]

PULLMAN, ON THE SOUTH PALOUSE.

Up to June 13th, the date of our visit, Pullman had shipped 600,000 bushels of wheat of the crop of last year. The crop had not all been moved at that time for the receipts were still averaging 1,000 bushels a day. These figures were furnished by Mr. Windus, cashier of the Bank of Pullman, where payments are made for all the wheat purchased in the place. They show the importance of this new town as a wheat-shipping point, and are suggestive of the great productivity of the fine agricultural country which surrounds it on all sides. Specific facts about crop yields are much more valuable than any general statements. Last year the Bryant brothers, who came to the Territory from Wapello County, Iowa, threshed 34,000 bushels from 800 acres near Pullman, the average per acre being about forty-three bushels. Think of this, you Iowa farmers who consider yourselves lucky to get sixteen or eighteen bushels to the acre. W. V. Windus raised forty-seven bushels of barley to the acre on the sod the year before last and last year got twenty bushels to the acre from a volunteer crop on the same field.

A handsomer farming country than I saw in the course of a two hours' drive around Pullman, under the guidance of M. C. True, does not exist anywhere. I mean a handsomer country as nature made it. Of course the country is too new for orchards and shade trees and expensive farm-houses. These things will come in time, and will not be long in coming to a country blessed with a genial climate and a rich soil. As it is, one sees in the midst of the forty acres and eighty acre fields of wheat, oats and barley many comfortable homes with young orchards planted, with rows of currant and raspberry bushes in the gardens and with thrifty box elders promising plenty of shade when they shall get a few more years growth. What interested me especially on this drive was the number of successful timber-culture claims we saw. I have had hitherto but a poor opinion of the results of the timber culture law as exemplified in Dakota, but it is evidently working well here in Eastern Washington. On one place which we drove past the ten acres of box elders had attained a height of at least twenty feet and formed a beautiful grove opposite the dwelling of the owner of the claim. He had planted trees taken from this grove around his garden patch and door yard and along the road-sides in front of his farm, and will soon be obliged to cut down half the remaining trees to give the others room to grow. This farmer came into the Territory about seven years ago with hardly any means and now owns 320 acres of well improved land with a herd of Holstein and grade cattle and a dozen horses. Mr. True told me that there is no difficulty in raising both apple

trees and shade trees in this region. The first settlers were poor, as is always the case in a new country, but are now getting in such comfortable circumstances that they can begin to give some attention to beautifying their homes.

Pullman is seven years old. Six years ago, when I drove through the place on a buckboard stage, on my way from Colfax to Moscow, it consisted of a store and one dwelling. It was a good location for trade, from the fact that five country roads, following the draws or depressions between the hills, centered here. Three years ago the Moscow Branch of the Columbia and Palouse Railroad was built through the place and gave it a start on the road to prosperity. This year the Spokane and Palouse went through it. So the town has now two railroads, one running east and west and the other north and south. It can therefore give a good reason for its recent growth. At the place where the country highways met the steel tracks now meet and cross. An active trading center has been developed during the past year, notwithstanding the misfortune of a serious fire. In place of the wooden stores which the fire devoured there are now several brick blocks. Large stocks of goods are carried by the merchants. One of the dry goods houses and a hardware and stove store are almost as large as any stores of their class in Spokane Falls. Pullman has a heavy trade in farm machinery, being favorably located for a distributing point and for the receipt of machinery both from the wholesale houses in Portland and direct from the eastern factories. The Northern Pacific branch gives it direct connection with the East and the branch of the O. R. and N. with Portland.

The town has two churches, Congregational and Methodist, two hotels, of one of which, the True House, members of our party speak in high terms as a home-like place, with a good table and an obliging land-

lord. For a wonder there is no newspaper yet. It is the only town of its size in Eastern Washington not provided with a weekly journal and will afford a fair support for one. Another enterprise for which there is an evident opening is a flouring mill. As a local milling point Pullman has evident advantages.

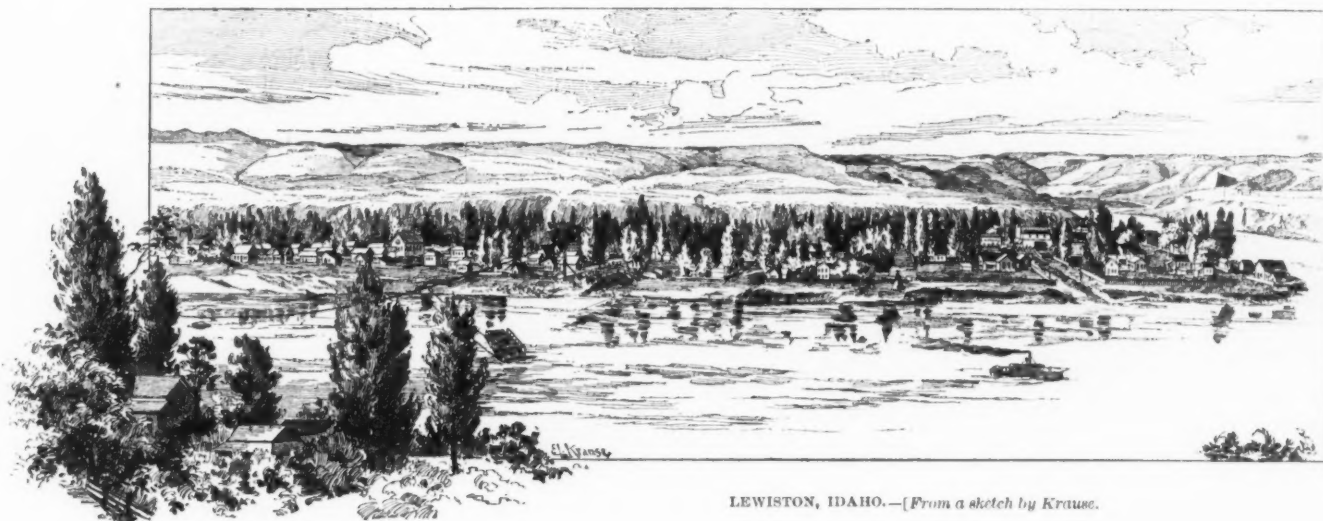
The wheat from the place is largely going to Duluth in bulk, the grain being emptied from the sacks into the cars. All grain raised on the Pacific Coast is sacked at the threshers, and all that goes by the ocean route to European markets is put on shipboard in the sacks. Grain buyers are not yet decided as to whether the long rail haul to Duluth is a natural route from Eastern Washington, or whether it is only a temporary arrangement depending on a freight rate which the railroad will only offer until larger shipping facilities are provided at Tacoma. The present rate on wheat from the Palouse Country towns to Duluth is thirty cents a bushel. This wheat is not graded at Duluth but goes on to New York as "special." Being a heavy soft white wheat it cannot be subjected to grading rules adopted for the hard grain of the Northwest.

A PROSPEROUS GERMAN SETTLEMENT.

Uniontown, in Whitman County, Washington Territory, close to the Idaho boundary, is a flourishing German settlement, surrounded by the same rich farming country which supports the towns further north on the Spokane & Palouse Railroad. Unlike many of those towns, however, it was not a creation of the railroad. The town was established five or six years before the building of the road, and was in a prosperous condition, although the development of farming was checked by the necessity of hauling grain to Snake River and the heavy freight rates charged for transporting it to the seaboard. In fact the land is so productive that the farmers were able to get ahead under the serious disadvantage of complete isolation from rail transportation. Now that the new line of railroad has reached them, land has risen in value, wheat is worth ten cents more per bushel, cattle and horses bring much better prices and the people are very cheerful. The town has about 500 inhabitants and lies in a green valley, with the tall, white building of the Catholic school for girls as its central and most conspicuous object. It has two hotels, a brewery, a distillery making 100 barrels of whisky per day, a dozen stores and shops and a weekly newspaper called the *Washington Journal*. The wheat fields come to the back yards of the dwellings. This entire belt of country is peculiarly adapted for wheat-growing. There are abundant rains in May and June to start the plants, the cool nights of



STREET SCENE, PULLMAN, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krauss.]



LEWISTON, IDAHO.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

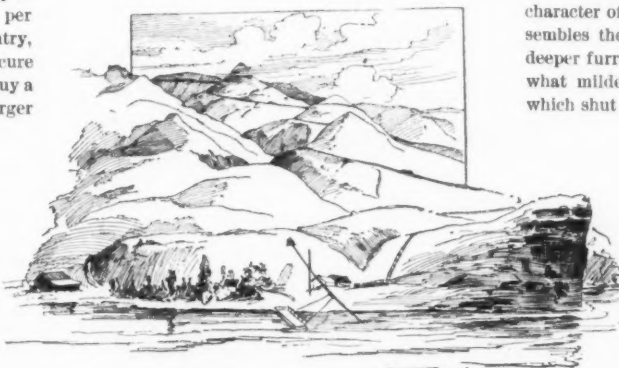
June favor the growth of the stalks and the filling out of the heads, and there are no hot July winds to shrivel the berries. The experience of a farmer who has lived in the country near Uniontown since its first settlement, shows that it is nowhere excelled as a wheat-producing region. Joseph Greif has farmed here for twelve years and says that the lightest crop he ever raised was thirty-three bushels to the acre. He has frequently raised as high as fifty bushels to the acre. Last year he threshed 3,600 bushels of barley from a forty-acre field, making the average acre yield ninety bushels. Mr. Greif says that oats yield from sixty to ninety bushels and that potatoes, turnips, rutabagas and beets yield enormously. Clover does well and timothy flourishes on the low lands. For raising fine stock the country can hardly be excelled anywhere. There is good grass until almost Christmas and by the first of March the cattle are out again on the new pasturage. Land has been steadily rising in value. Wild land is now worth from \$8 to \$10 per acre. Improved farms command from \$15 to \$30 an acre. The best farms in the immediate vicinity of the town could not be bought for less than \$50 per acre. Here, as elsewhere in the Palouse Country, the opportunities for new settlers who want to secure homes on this remarkable productive land are to buy a part of the holdings of men who are carrying larger places than they can profitably manage and who want to get clear of debt.

I notice as one of the peculiarities of this region that although the soil is a dark loam, and gets sticky after a rain, the roads dry up very rapidly and are perfectly good when twenty-four hours of sun and wind have followed a day or two of heavy showers. Cyclones or other destructive storms never occur. The health of the town is so good that the only doctor is going to move away for want of practice. With its good health, its pleasant location and its excellent facilities for education, Uniontown is sure to make substantial progress, now that it is connected with the railway system of the Pacific Northwest.

THE GENESEE COUNTRY.

The southern part of the plateau which drains into the south fork of the Palouse River and extends to the sheer bluffs which look down upon the Snake and the Clearwater, is locally known as the Genesee Country, from the little hamlet which served as its trading center in the early days of the settlement of the region. It is a singular peculiarity of this region that up to the very verge of the lofty cliffs bordering two great rivers the drainage should be away from those streams and into the rivulets of the back country. The new railroad has made its temporary terminus a mile from the old village of Genesee and

a smart town is springing up near the station. At least a score of buildings were going up at the time of our visit in early June. The fertility of the surrounding country will make the new town one of the chief grain shipping points on the new railroad. J. C. Hansen, a Dane by birth, who was one of the visitors at our car while it lay at Genesee, said that he raised last year from sixty acres of ground 3,000 bushels of wheat. On a small field of fifteen acres he harvested 1,091 bushels, making the enormous yield of sixty-two bushels to the acre. Barley, he said will average sixty bushels to the acre one year with another. He has raised as high as eighty bushels. Wheat is worth fifty cents a bushel at the station. The old price of barley for feed was a cent a pound, but there is now much more money in raising white barley for shipment to Eastern breweries. Considerable flax has been sown this season. It will average twenty bushels to the acre and is contracted for in advance at \$1 a bushel. Mr. Ruddy, another old



ACROSS THE CLEARWATER RIVER, LEWISTON, IDAHO.

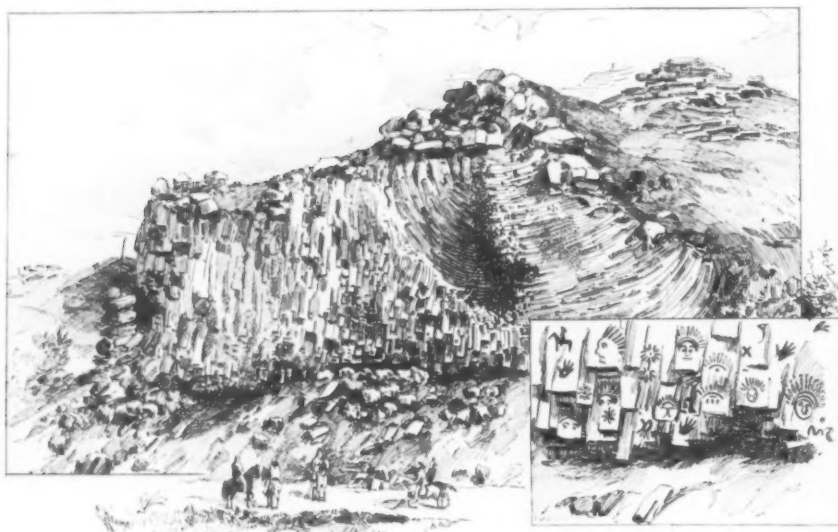
settler who called at our car, spoke of the advantages of the region for stock raising. He has 200 head of cattle, which run on the open range on the Nez Perce Reservation. He sells two-year-olds for \$25, three-year-olds for \$35 and four-year-olds for \$40. Milch cows bring from \$35 to \$50. Well-broken young horses for farm work are worth \$100 each. Farm wagons cost \$100, plows \$30, spring tooth harrows \$30, mowers \$100 and headers \$280 and \$300. Most of the grain is cut with headers but self-binders are coming more and more into use, and it is an open question still whether they are not more economical to use than headers. Mr. Hansen spoke of the Potlatch Country, just east of Genesee, as being a fine region for fruit, on account of its sheltered situation, mountain ranges crossing it on the north and north-east. Apples, peaches, pears and plums flourish

there. The climate is very similar to that of Denmark, where Mr. Hansen was reared. The only drawback to the prosperity of the farmers, he remarked, was the high rate of interest they paid for money and on their store debts. Most of them will be in much better condition when they sell a portion of their land to new comers for fair prices and pay off their debts. Stock raising is helping them out a good deal of late. Only about one-tenth of the land is now under cultivation. A quarter section of wild land can be bought, with a clear title direct from the Government for from \$800 to \$1,200. For \$2,000 an improved quarter with fencing and small buildings, can be purchased.

THE POTLATCH COUNTRY.

This handsome region in Idaho, which stretches out eastward like a long arm from the Palouse Country in Washington, I was not able to visit, but from the lofty bluffs near Lewiston I could look over thirty or forty miles of its green, billowy expanse. In the character of its soil and its productivity it closely resembles the Palouse Country, but the streams make deeper furrows in its surface and the climate is somewhat milder owing to the mountains on the north which shut off the cold winds in the winter and early spring. I am informed that peaches grow well in the Potlatch. In Washington they are raised as a market fruit only in the deep and warm canyon of Snake River. Two years ago when I was at Moscow, now the county-seat of the new county of Latah, which embraces much of the Potlatch Country, settlers were coming in steadily to occupy the free home-stead lands. Now I am told that all the claims are taken and that no Government land can be found suitable for farming nearer than the

eastern side of the Nez Perce Reservation, about fifty miles up the Clearwater. The Spokane & Palouse Railroad, which has just been completed to Genesee, will go on eastward through the Potlatch. The curious name of this region is a Chinook jargon word meaning a gift. A Potlatch is an annual festival in which the Indians get on a wild spree and recklessly give away their personal property. There is no town in the Potlatch Country, but with the rapid settlement a good business point will surely be developed as soon as the railroad advances twenty miles beyond its present terminus. The wheat of the region has hitherto been taken out from a landing on the Clearwater to which the O. R. & N. Company sends a steamboat occasionally during high stages of water. This landing is about fifteen miles above the town of Lewiston, at the junction of the Clearwater with the Snake.



PICTURED ROCKS ON THE NACHESS RIVER, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

LEWISTON, IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

You may travel in all lands, on both sides of the Atlantic, and experience no such striking and delightful surprise as that which awaits you when he journeys across the high, rolling, and productive plateau on the southern border of the Palouse Country, and coming out upon its verge, where the land drops off suddenly in precipitous bluffs, sees the pretty village of Lewiston, lying two thousand feet below, and two mighty rivers, the Clearwater and the Snake, meeting at the end of its long, poplar-bordered, business street. You are not at all prepared for this singular landscape. You have been passing over a region of rich wheat farms and pastures, upheaved in great, green swells, with farm-houses nestled in the narrow valleys, and nothing indicates that there is close at hand another region, nearly half a mile perpendicularly below you, in the depths of the earth, where there are farms and orchards, and a smiling town, and where swelling waters flow and steamboats come and go. You are reminded of Bulwer's story of "The Coming Race," in which a man finds a strange land in the center of the globe. You have ascended no mountain, but you must descend one as high as the Catskills, by a zig-zag road five miles long, to reach the valley lying at your feet, into which you can

almost toss a stone. The road is an admirable piece of engineering, with an almost uniform grade of 400 feet to the mile. How it looks from the ferry over the Clearwater, and how the brown, bulging mountains look which it climbs, our artist shows in his sketch. To understand the singular topography of this region, bear in mind that at the top of these mountains, and as high as their crests, begins the rich plateau of the Palouse Country, which reaches northward through Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho for more than a hundred miles, and is all good farming land.

Before you begin the descent of the five mile grade you make a long halt to look at the wonderful landscape to the south and east. That verdant, sloping plain, beyond Lewiston, with its alternate squares of grain and pasture, is the Clearwater Country, rising to the long timbered ridge called Craig's Mountain. Beyond the mountain and out of view is Camas Prairie, famed for its fertility. Looking around to the east, north of the Clearwater lies the Potlatch Country, an extension of the Palouse Country and equally fertile. The turbid Snake, coming out of those tremendous canyons which you see in the far blue southern distance, turns sharply to the west after receiving the clean flood of the Clearwater and encloses the high ridges and profound, crease-like valleys

of the Assotin Country. Further to the west you can look over the older and richer farming regions where lie the towns of Pomeroy, Dayton and Waiatsburg, and the most distant part of the horizon line in that direction, formed by the Blue Mountains, is beyond the city of Walla Walla and its fruitful valley.

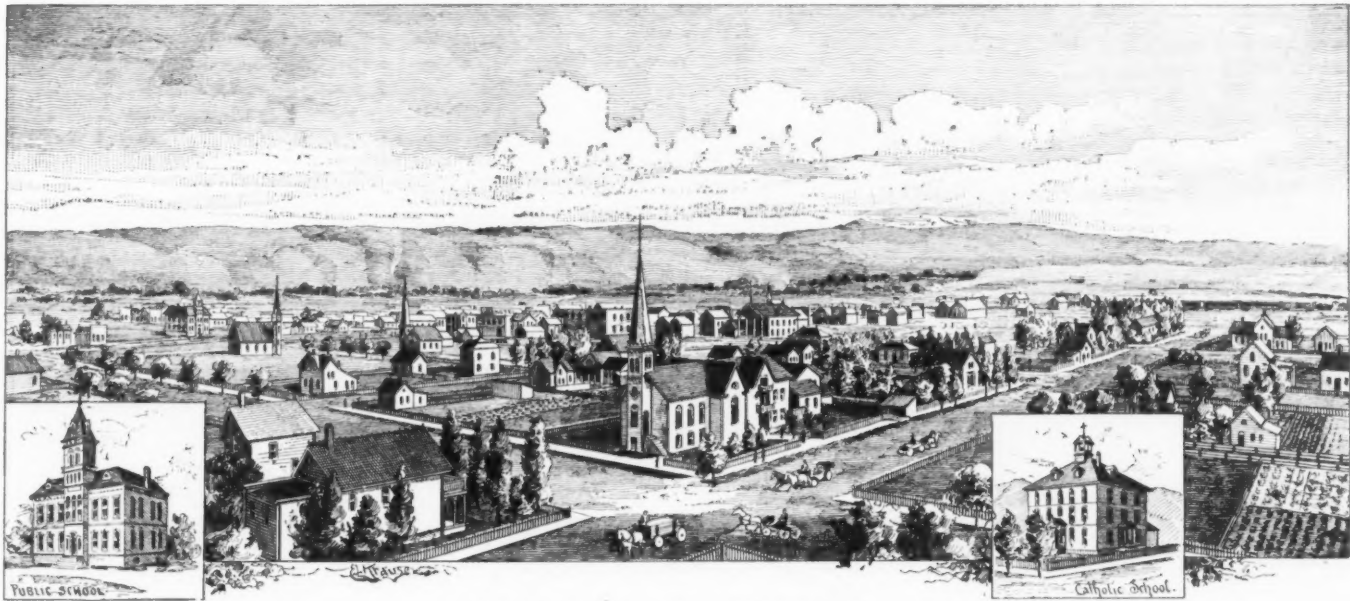
Let us begin to descend, for the night is approaching and it is a good hour's drive down the grade to reach the ferry. How attractive the town looks, far below us, with its white walls nearly hidden behind the foliage of the poplars and the apple trees. Once across the wire cable ferry, how welcome is the hospitality of the Raymond House, with its wide piazza and its hot supper of fresh salmon and juicy chops. Then comes an evening walk by the shores of the Snake River, up to the steamboat landing, to look at the banners of crimson, purple and gold which the setting sun flings across the blue sky from the western mountain tops, and later a chat with old acquaintances, last seen six years ago. Among them are Judge Buck, who has just retired from the bench after eight years of service, Mr. Howe, the leading lawyer of the town, Mr. Vollmer, whose big brick store feeds with goods five branches in the little trading villages twenty or thirty miles distant, and Editor Leland, of the *Lewiston Teller*, who has for years kept up an agitation in favor of a railroad up the Clearwater and across the Bitter Root Mountains to form a short line to the Northern and Union Pacific in Montana. Mr. Leland produces the written report of the expedition which the people of Lewiston fitted out in 1881 to hunt for a pass at the head waters of the Clearwater, after Engineer McCartney, of the Northern Pacific, had spent six weeks in the mountain in a fruitless search for a practicable railroad route. Beals, the engineer employed to head the Lewiston expedition, and his assistant, Martin Meull, a Swiss mountaineer, found two passes leading to the Bitter Root Valley, with altitude of less than 5,000 feet and with good approaches for railway building. In later years Engineer Clark, of the Union Pacific, hunted long and diligently for those passes, with Beals as a guide, but could not find them. If they exist, and a reading of Beals' report will tend to convince the skeptical mind that they do, a railroad will be sure to occupy one of them before many years, to secure a short line from Montana to the Columbia Basin, and to develop more than a hundred miles of good agricultural country, with mines and timber and pasture lands, lying west of the Bitter Root Mountains in the valley of the Clearwater and its affluents.

I find Lewiston little changed in six years. With its pretty homes, surrounded by orchards and gardens, its well-stocked stores and its total lack of newness of appearance, it wears an air of settled and rather quiet prosperity. It is waiting impatiently for a railroad to give it a new period of business activity. Meanwhile its two thousand people live comfortably on the trade of near regions which are of necessity, by their position, tributary to it, receiving their goods and shipping their wool and wheat by steamboats on the Snake River, down to Riparia, whence there is a rail route to Walla Walla and Portland. Last Spring the O. R. and N. Company got ready to build up the north bank of the Snake River, from opposite Riparia to Lewiston, but of late that company appears to have postponed this enterprise. Its effort is now to get lines to Spokane Falls and to the Cœur d'Alene mines. The Spokane and Palouse branch of the Northern Pacific is now within fifteen miles of Lewiston, at Genesee, but Genesee is on the table land, nearly 2,500 feet higher than Lewiston. Perhaps by going east to Potlatch Creek, a good line may be found down the Clearwater to the town, with a diverging line to Camas Prairie. I do not think it will be long before one company builds to Lewiston if the other does not. The place has too much commercial importance to be neglected many years longer in a time when railroads are reaching out for supporting territory in every part of the Pacific Northwest.

Lewiston is an old town, dating back to the mining excitement in Northern Idaho which began in 1861.



STREET SCENE, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—[From a sketch by Krause.]



NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

As the head of navigation it was the natural site for a supply town for the mining camps of Oro Fino, Pierce City and Florence. When the placer mines declined, agriculture and stock-raising grew up to take the place of gold-seeking and the town has held very well its old-time prestige and trade. A wall of semi-barbarism shuts it off on the east from much of the best country in the Clearwater Valley, in the form of the Nez Perce Reservation, but this will soon be removed, for the Indians have consented to take lands in severalty, and a commissioner has been appointed by the President to make the allotments and sell the remaining lands to homestead settlers for the benefit of the tribal educational fund. The settlement of three-fourths of the farming lands of the present reservation by white farmers will be of great advantage to Lewiston. The Indians who will continue to occupy the remaining fourth are not wholly useless to the trade of the town, for many of them are small farmers or stock-raisers, but it would take ten Indians to equal in producing capacity one industrious white man.

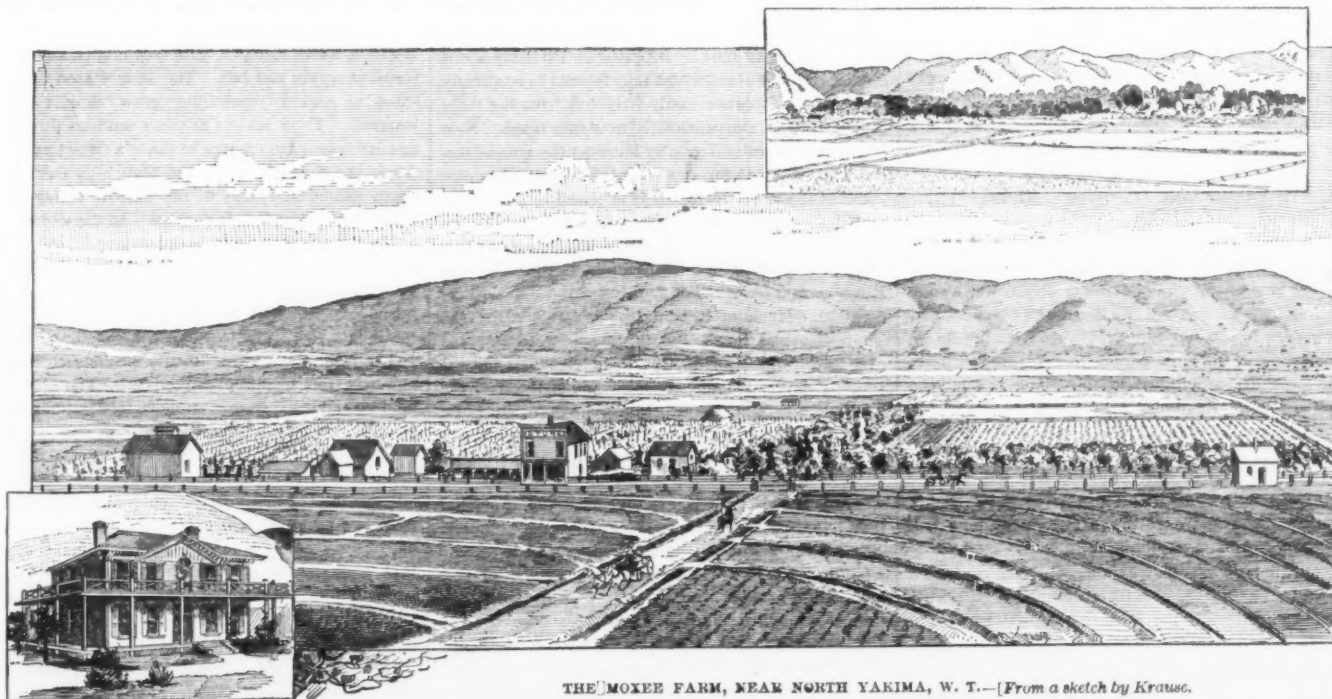
Nothing is needed but a railroad east up the Clearwater to Camas Prairie, with a connection with the

Northern Pacific line in the Potlatch Country to double or treble the present population and trade of Lewiston. This is far more important than a connection with the O. R. and N. rail system at Ilparia, for the existing steamboat service of that company is a tolerably rapid and reliable connection with that point. The advantage of navigation of the two rivers is one which none of the new railroad towns north of Lewiston can share with their old and long-established neighbor.

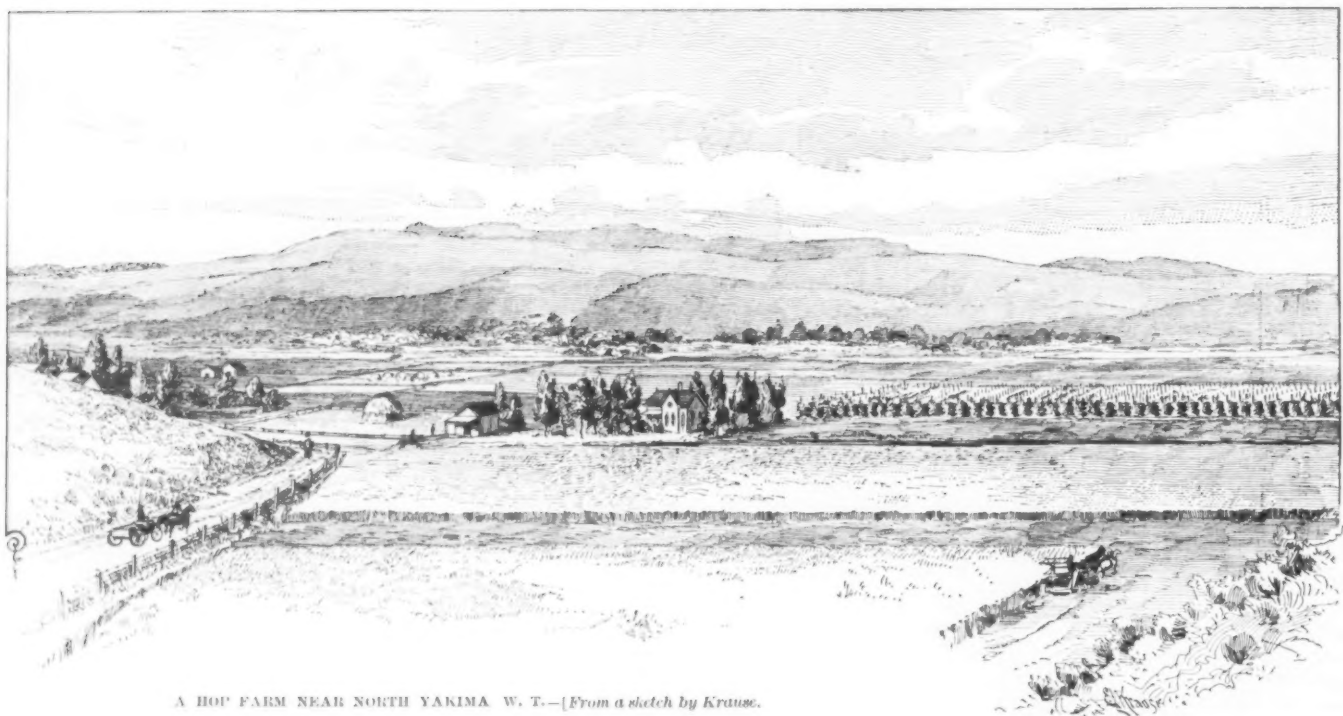
Lewiston has three banks, two national and one private, two weekly newspapers, the *Teller* and the *News*, two hotels, a handsome public school building a number of mercantile concerns where prices appear to be about as cheap as in Portland, a flouring mill, steamboat wharf, two ferries, a Catholic school, a Methodist school, and a brewery. It is the county-seat of Nez Perce County and the location of a U. S. Land Office. Its poplar-shaded streets, its orchards and lawns, and its climate which favors the early ripening of fruits and berries and the luxuriant growth of vegetables, make it a very comfortable and agreeable place for homes.

THE PAINTED ROCKS NEAR NORTH YAKIMA.

Close to the Naches River and about four miles from the town of North Yakima, Washington Territory, there is a bold cliff of volcanic rock, rising about 250 feet above the level of the country road which runs between the river and its base and having a length of perhaps 2,000 feet. This rock is itself an exceedingly picturesque object, both from its commanding appearance, overlooking the narrow valley of the Naches, and from the singular formation of the basalt, which in some places takes a columnar form and in others resembles an enormous pile of cord wood; but the special interest attaching to it comes from the rude figures painted along its sheltered base. These figures are for the most part faces, with about as much artistic merits as a schoolboy's first attempts in that direction on a slate. Many of them are almost effaced by time but others are still quite distinct. The pigments used are of a mineral substance and are either of a white or a vermillion color. The marks



THE MOXEE FARM, NEAR NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]



A HOP FARM NEAR NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

of hands dipped in paint are frequent. The Indians now inhabiting the neighboring Simcoe Reservation say they did not make the pictures and that they were on the rocks further back than their recollection or traditions go. They are evidently Indian work, however. The story in the town that hieroglyphics are found has no foundation. Some white boy in the vicinity, wishing to immortalize his sweetheart, has managed to scrape off enough paint from the pictures to write the word "Annie" with his finger, and this and the letters "A. M.," evidently from the same finger, are the only attempts at writing to be seen. Our artist has made a drawing of the rock and also of a small portion of the base of the rock on which the faces are found. The pictures seem to be of various age, some being more distinct than others, although in positions no better sheltered by the overhanging basalt. Perhaps the long-extinct tribe which made them was in the habit of using the rock as a sort of illustrated paper for displaying portraits of its chiefs and great warriors.

In their excursion to these painted rocks the artist and the editor of *THE NORTHWEST* were under obligations to Mr. T. J. V. Clark and Capt. Kingsbury, of North Yakima, who kindly suggested the trip and acted as guides.

NORTH YAKIMA AND ITS IRRIGATED VALLEYS.

This sunny fruitful Yakima Country, lying on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains and on the western side of the great Columbia Basin, was a sage brush desert, as nature made it. Nature made for it, however, a fertile soil, and sent down from the snows and springs of the mountains copious streams of pure, cold water that are fullest in the summer, when the land grows thirsty under cloudless skies. Man has done the rest. He has turned the water upon the land, causing it to moisten his meadows, grain fields and orchards. There is still much desert left for the labors of later settlers, but a great deal of the former waste of sand and sage brush is now verdant and flowering farm and garden land.

This knot of valleys which meet at the new town of North Yakima seems a bit of Southern California here in the North. The bare mountains, with their purple, blue and rosy colors at sunset, the wastes of sage brush, and the belts of green, well-cultivated land, with shade and fruit trees around the farm-

houses, all remind one of California. Instead of vineyards there are the hop fields, with their serried columns of green. There is the same luxuriance of floral and vegetable growth in the door yards, wherever the little irrigating ditches refresh the dry, rich soil. And the future of these valleys is plainly to be much like that of the California valleys, namely to be densely settled with a prosperous population engaged in horticulture and agriculture on small farms. Ten or fifteen acres carefully tilled will support a family; with forty a man might esteem himself well-off when he gets it all under ditch and in crops and orchards.

The valleys which converge at North Yakima are those of the Wenass, Naches, Cowychee and Ahtanum, streams which head in the Cascade Mountains and flow into the Yakima River, and also the Moxee Basin, on the western side of the Yakima, irrigated with water from the main river. The four tributary streams have valleys about twenty miles long and from one to three broad and the Moxee Basin is of circular form, about ten miles across. All farming and gardening is done by irrigation. Probably about one-fourth of the land which may be said to be already under ditch, because easily irrigated from the main ditches already constructed, is now cultivated. New ditch enterprises will greatly increase the area of fertile land available for settlement. About four miles south of the town the valley is enclosed by a range of mountains through which the river flows at Union Gap. The Yakima then enters a broad plain. One side of this plain belongs to the Indians of the Yakima, Klickitat and other tribes and forms the Simcoe Reservation. Much of it is naturally irrigated by the Toppenish and Sataas Rivers, whose waters spread over the low lands, making lush meadows for the Indians' cattle. On the northern side of the river the wide plain is all a sage brush desert at present, but a company has offered to buy the railroad sections and is going to cut a big canal next year to irrigate over 300,000 acres. When this is done the desert will speedily fill up with people and the farming population tributary to the town will more than double. North Yakima's reasonable expectations are to become a handsome little city of five or six thousand, or perhaps ten thousand people, full of fruit trees and flowers, something like San Jose, in California. The frame-work has been well-laid for such a city in the broad streets with little streams of water on each side and the rows of shade trees. There is a good deal in

setting one's mark high. This the North Yakima people never forget to do. Ever since the old town of Yakima was put upon wheels, three years ago, and moved four miles to the new site, partly by compulsion and partly by persuasion from the railroad company, the people have believed the new town to be destined to a fortunate future. The railroad company moved the buildings, graded the streets, dug the irrigating ditches and planted the shade trees; the people have done the rest, making pleasant homes in what was a desert, and steadily replacing the old business structures with solid brick blocks. They have four churches now and are about to build a fifth, a Catholic boarding school for girls, a large new brick public school house, two banks, three newspapers, the *Farmer*, the *Republican* and the *Signal*, the latter being a semi-weekly, the U. S. land office for the district, the county court house, two hotels and a large, new one in prospect, and stores of all sorts.

The climate is almost beyond fault-finding. There is a short, moderately cold winter, lasting only six weeks, a warm summer, with cool nights, and a long, pleasant spring and fall. The long season of warm sunshine makes everything grow rapidly that is watered. Trees set out as small saplings three years ago are now large enough to shade a two-story house. Along the Naches, where the high hills cut off the north winds, and also in the narrow valley of the Wenass, peach orchards flourish. In the wider valley of the Ahtanum peaches do not do as well, but apples, plums and cherries yield abundantly. Hops are becoming an important crop. Tobacco, which was raised experimentally and successfully on the Moxee estate last year, promises to become a staple. Wheat yields from twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre and oats from fifty to eighty bushels. The sage brush land on the benches is even more fertile than that in the bottoms and the ditch engineers manage to get the water upon plateaus that seem to the eye to be much above the level of the streams. The fact is the streams fall so rapidly that ditches carried a few miles irrigate land on high benches that appear to be quite out of the reach of water. Another important fact is that these streams are of such volume that every acre which can be reached by ditches can be abundantly irrigated and then there will be more water running to waste than can be used.

In company with Judge Lewis, of Seattle, who owns a ranch near North Yakima, and with Mr.

Cunningham, an English gentleman, who is connected with the Moxee company, the artist and the writer drove up the Ahtanum Valley. It is all occupied by farmers, but the farms are much too large and could profitably be subdivided so as to support three times the present population of the valley. Of late the land holders have shown a growing willingness to cut down their farms and sell portions of them. One of Mr. Krause's sketches is a landscape view looking up the valley from a point about six miles east of the town; another shows a pleasing farm scene, with growing crops of grain and hops.

An interesting excursion was also made to the Moxee farm, five miles from North Yakima, across the river. This place furnishes the best example of farming on a large scale that can be seen in Washington Territory. It is owned by a stock company in which Mr. Bell and Gardner Hubbard, of the Bell Telephone Company, are the principal owners, and abundant capital has been furnished to carry out the plans of the skillful Scotch manager, Mr. Kerr. With the present ditches about 1,000 acres can be irrigated and main ditches are dug for still another thousand. The great Moxee ditch when completed will furnish water for 10,000 acres. The farming operations of the present year include 140 acres in barley, 30 in wheat, 35 in Indian corn, 35 in hops, 50 in oats, 25 in tobacco, 240 in alfalfa and 78 in timothy. The timothy meadows lie along the river and are not irrigated, but all the rest of the land is watered either by small ditches, or, in the case of the alfalfa fields, by flooding, which is done by a system of dikes. The expense of irrigating the 550 acres in crop is estimated at about \$500 for the season of two months and a half. A young nursery is also watered and the trees are making rapid growth. Mr. Kerr is satisfied from his experiment of last year and his growing crop of this year that both soil and climate in the Yakima country are well suited for tobacco culture and that farmers can engage in this industry with the certainty of profit. The store, barns, stables and shops of the Moxee Company make a village-like cluster of buildings and from the broad piazza of the manager's house there is a view over the whole estate which our artist has sketched. All this broad sweep of cultivated land was a desert three years ago. Money and skill have converted the waste of sage brush into a great model farm, where methods of irrigating can be studied and every crop adapted to the region can be seen under scientific culture. The people of the Yakima country are hearty in their appreciation of what the Moxee Company is doing.

Settlers coming from the East, where irrigation is unknown, are sometimes timid about undertaking this method of farming and hesitate to buy land in the Yakima Country. If they stay a few days and talk with the old residents, visiting the farms and informing themselves about the cost and labor required to get water upon the land, they are very likely to change their minds and remain. A man who has thoroughly tried farming by irrigation is sure to commend it. He would not be willing to worry about drought and put up with short crops every two or three years. He has the matter figured down to a fine point—so much extra expense for irrigating and so many more bushels to the acre as a sure result. There is always a balance of profit on the side of irrigation. The cost of all main ditches is added at once to the value of the land and becomes capital invested. The field ditches are run with a plow and the work of turning the water through them comes at a season when the farmer has little else to do and does not make much of a figure in his annual expense account. In gardening and fruit raising the advantages of irri-

gation are even greater than in general farming. It is amazing what an amount of small fruits and vegetables can be got from an acre of this rich Yakima soil when water is freely supplied to it. And there is a good market for all such produce in the growing cities on Puget Sound, only about 125 miles distant.

I have not yet spoken of one of North Yakima's best prospects for further growth. Public opinion in all parts of Washington has settled upon the place as the capital of the new State. At the last session of the Territorial Legislature a bill for the removal of the capital from Olympia to North Yakima failed by only two votes. There is no concentration of opinion on any other town. North Yakima is the geographical center and is much nearer than any other town to being the center of population. It is on the main trunk line of railroad which traverses Washington from East to West and is thus easily accessible from all parts of the Territory. Besides, it has the facilities and resources in climate, soil and abundant water to be made an exceedingly attractive city. Probably nine out of ten of the people of Washington already look upon it as the future capital of the new State.

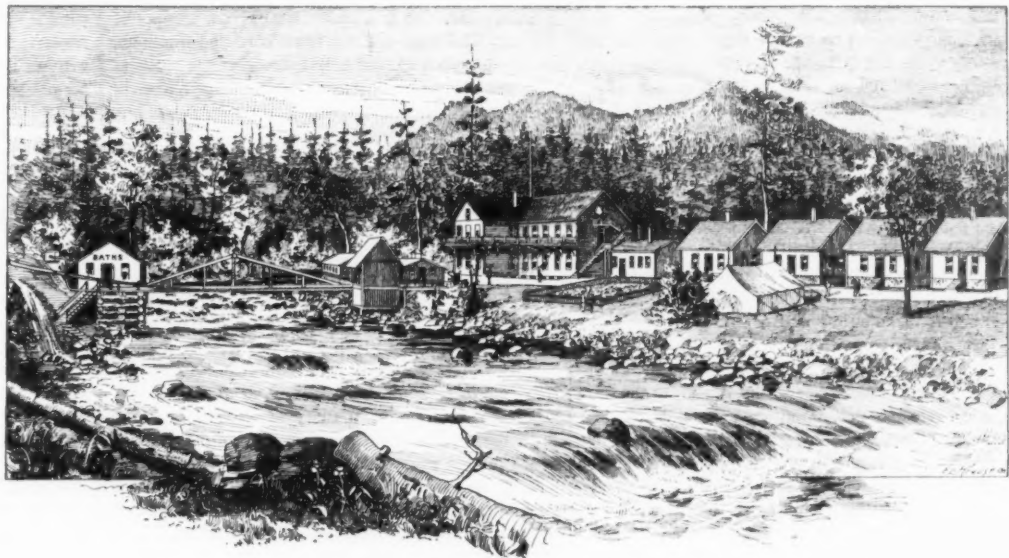
GREEN RIVER HOT SPRINGS.

On the western slope of the Cascade Mountains, in

wonders in this way and the fame of the hot springs began to spread through the Puget Sound Country. In another year a small hotel was built. This was burned in 1887, but a larger structure was immediately put up. The new building is not big enough to hold the guests and a new wing and a row of cottages are being erected this summer.

Hot springs are everywhere regarded as interesting natural phenomena. There are not many of them in the United States and all that are convenient to lines of travel have developed popular watering-place resorts. These Green River Springs contain iron, magnesia and sulphur—a good combination of mineral ingredients for cleansing and strengthening the system. In cases of rheumatism the benefit derived from the baths is immediate and complete cures have been effected in numerous instances. Visitors who have no aches to be cured find the springs an agreeable place for relaxation and rest. The trout fishing is first-class—plenty of fish all along the cold, green mountain stream, and they are not at all shy about biting—the forest is a wonder in itself, for nowhere else in America, outside of the Puget Sound Basin, can there be found such a dense growth of big timber, and the mountain scenery is inspiring.

The three proprietors of the springs and the hotel are enterprising men, who appreciate the opportunity



GREEN RIVER HOT SPRINGS, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

the deep, narrow valley of the Green River, a stream with swift rapids and quiet eddies that delight the trout fisherman, is a new and peculiarly attractive health resort. From the steep bank of the river, along a space of about one hundred feet, trickle out many little streams of boiling hot mineral water. A little clearing has been made in the magnificent forest of cedars and firs and a comfortable hotel has been built with bath houses and a row of cottages. A station on the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific railroad is only a few hundred yards distant and the terminal city of Tacoma is 64 miles away. The absolute purity of the air, with its odors of evergreen foliage, the coolness and freshness of the summer climate, the easy accessibility of the place as well as the strengthening and remedial qualities of the waters, combine to make the spot a delightful summer resort. It is very new. When I went up the Green River valley on a trail in 1884, there was not a house within thirty miles of the place. Immersed in the dark forest, we only saw the sky for three days when we had to ford the stream. A year later came the railroad builders. Then the hot water running down the steep bank into the cold river attracted attention and its future value was recognized. A shanty was put up and a few people camped there to see if the water would make supple their rheumatic joints. It worked

they have to build up a great popular resort. Their plan is to spend all the money they make on improvements for years to come. They are enthusiastic, and enthusiasm goes a long way in such an enterprise. They have put Valentine scrip on the unsurveyed land to get a sure title. They have a saw-mill running to work up into lumber for their buildings the cedar and fir close to the hotel and are going to open a broad avenue to the station. Lawns and flower gardens will come in time, but the absolute wildness of the surroundings is charm enough to people from cities without these adornments. Green River Hot Springs can be heartily commended to Eastern tourists as a spot well worthy of a visit. Stop off there a day or two on your way to Tacoma and Portland and you will have tales to tell all your lives of the prodigious and luxuriant forests which clothe the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, as well as of the strengthening hot waters and the trout fishing.

IN THE CHEHALIS VALLEY.

The Chehalis River heads in the Boisfort Mountains, in Western Washington, and after running eastward toward the Cascade Mountains for about twenty miles makes a long swing around to the west and starts for the tide-water of Gray's Harbor, some eighty miles

distant. It forms an exceedingly rich agricultural valley, which was sparsely settled by hardy pioneers at an early day, occupying a few little prairies and clearing the most lightly timbered bottoms, and which is steadily filling up now with farmers from the East. It is said that Lewis County, which covers about half the valley, has increased its population 2,000 during the past year. The new-comers understand that they must carve their farms out of the woods, but the mildness of the climate and the remarkable productiveness of the soil make it pay to lay out the money and labor required to get the timber and stumps off the land. One would have to travel a long way to find a farming region as attractive to the eye and as generously responsive to tillage as this valley. It is a land of fruits and flowers, of spreading maples, of rich wheat fields and meadows, of fat cattle and sleek, well-fed horses, of clear, cold streams and of cheery farm-houses with big barns, beehives and orchards, and beyond the fir forests which look down upon it you can get a glimpse to the eastward of the dazzling, symmetrical snow-peak of Mount St. Helens. Do you ask about the crops? One of the oldest settlers told me that in nine years the lightest yield of wheat he ever raised was twenty-five bushels to the acre and the heaviest was sixty bushels. Oats yield from sixty to a hundred bushels. The same fields are cropped in grain year after year without any manuring.

What does it cost to clear new farms in this fertile valley? Vine maple, with a few big firs, can be taken off the land for from \$25 to \$30 an acre. The vine maple stumps rot out in two or three years but the only way to get rid of the fir stumps is to blow them up with powder. The more fir on the land the costlier it is to clear. The custom is to use the newly cleared land for pasture until the vine maple stumps rot and then attack the firs with powder. The woods afford good browsing for cattle, but thrifty farmers, after they get fairly started, prefer to keep their cows in fenced fields. The winter feeding season is only four or five weeks long and timothy grows enormously. To raise beef cattle for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle, to grow wheat for the mill at Chehalis to grind and to make butter and cheese bring money to the farmers' pockets. Industrious settlers, beginning with small means, soon get out of debt. The buildings, fences and clean fields in the valley are the best possible evidences that farming is profitable. The Chehalis Valley has none of the look of a mortgaged country, and the banker in the town, who appears to be doing a slim business, not even needing a clerk to help him, said that his trouble was to find people to borrow the money he had obtained in the East to loan on farm mortgages. Where farmers build good fences and plant orchards and flower gardens, the mortgage loan business does not flourish.

I took a drive of ten or twelve miles through the

valley in company with Mr. Cogswell, a progressive Wisconsin farmer who came out about a year ago with a lot of red polled cattle and is building up a blooded stock business. We crossed the clear, blue river twice, drove over good roads between handsome farms, passed through a neck of woods where the tall firs seemed columns to support the blue dome of heaven, and where red huckleberries, raspberries and sallow berries grew by the wayside, and stopped for a chat and a look at the cheese making and the flowers as the house of J. G. Browning, whose home would be praised by the most fastidious Eastern farmer. Except for the greater luxuriance of all the vegetation it reminded me of some of the old farmsteads in the Miami Valley, in Ohio. The flower garden occupied all the spacious front yard, and was filled with roses, lilies, Canterbury bells, pinks, forget-me-nots and pansies of surprising size and beauty.

The town of Chehalis has made no progress since I visited it two years ago. It is well situated to make a large place, being midway between the Columbia River and Puget Sound and having for its support the finest valley in Western Washington; but its people lack enterprise and the place is unfortunately fenced in by the lands of two owners, who refuse to sell the smallest building lot except at exorbitant prices. The town was lately obliged to pay \$900 to one of these land-owners for an acre of ground on which to build a school-house. There are three or four hundred people in the town, two newspapers, a flouring mill, a dozen stores and four churches. If the owners of the land who have got the town corralled would die or sell out and a score of active, broad-gauge business men would come in, Chehalis might be made a town of two or three thousand inhabitants in a very short time.

THE TOWN AND VALLEY OF PUYALLUP.

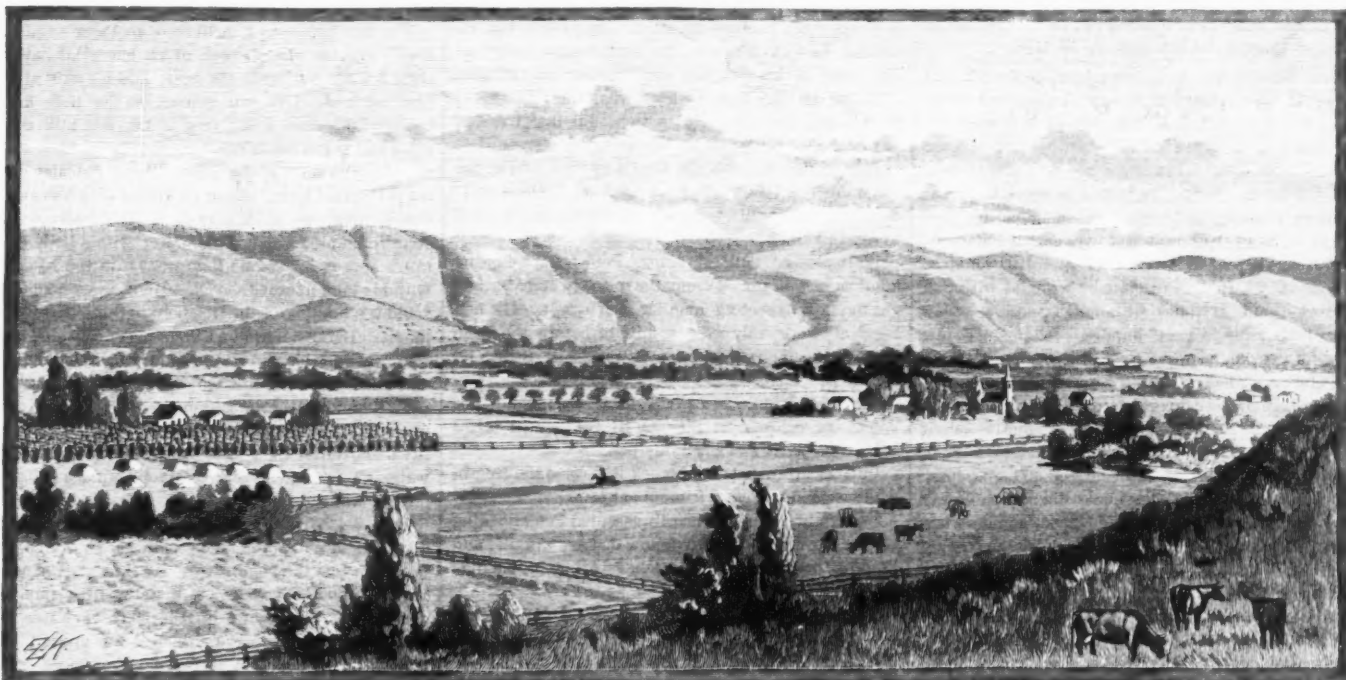
Puyallup is the hop metropolis of Washington Territory. Its inhabitants are more interested in the probable price of hops next year than in the question of who is to be the next President of the United States. The hop gardens surround the town on all sides with their forests of bare poles in the spring and their columns of green vines in the summer time. The Puyallup Valley is about thirty miles long and from one to four miles wide, ending at Commencement Bay, in front of the city of Tacoma, and the town of Puyallup lies about ten miles up the valley. It is a thrifty, neat little place, growing steadily, and looking forward to doubling or trebling its present population of five hundred when the rich loam lands of the valley are more extensively cleared. At present not more than one-fifth of these lands are under cultivation; but every year the forests recede more and more and the hop gardens multiply in number and increase in area. This valley land is so exceedingly

fertile, being covered with a deposit of vegetable mould of extraordinary depth, that even in a perfectly wild state it is held at prices ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, and a hundred dollars more must be expended on every acre to get the trees, brush and stumps off. Is it worth this high cost? Without question, for the average yield of hops, taking a period of five years, is 1,800 pounds to the acre. In the course of a drive with J. P. Stewart, one of the oldest hop growers in the valley and the leading merchant and banker in the town, I was shown one field that for the two past years has produced two tons per acre. I saw many fields that promised to yield from 2,000 to 2,000 pounds per acre this season. One field of timothy gives Mr. Stewart four tons per acre every year, and as hay sells at \$15 per ton and the expenses of cutting are covered by the use of the field for pasture in the spring and fall, here is a net return of sixty dollars per acre, which is ten per cent. interest on \$600 an acre. Such values in land in a new country in the remote West will surprise many of my Eastern readers, but like everything else land is worth according to what it will yield. With hops at ten cents per pound, from \$150 to \$250 can be taken every year from every acre of well-managed hop land in the Puyallup Valley. Then there are the advantages of an attractive town close to the farmers' homes, a rapidly growing city only ten miles away, a great trunk line railroad running through the place, and what is perhaps best of all, a climate where a farmer can do his "spring work" all winter. People who have once experienced the mild winters and cool summers of Western Washington are not willing to endure the extremes of heat and cold in the East.

Many people think that hop raising is a good deal of a gamble and that the fluctuating prices make profits hardly more certain than losses, but if the hop-grower will resist the temptation to become a speculator holding his crop for a rise in the market, and will sell promptly as soon as picked, he will find that taking a series of years there are few crops that make as good and sure returns for the capital invested and the labor and money expended. Mr. Stewart gives the average price he has obtained for his hops since he cultivated the first acre in 1871 at 21 cents per pound. Ezra Meeker, author of a standard work on hop growing, states his average at 13 cents, but he leaves out the year when the price went up to \$1.25 per pound and when he made the mistake to hold his crop until he could get only 25 cents for it. To show the wide variation in price the following figures from Mr. Stewart's books are interesting: In 1871 he sold at 6 cents; in 1872 at 87½ cents; 1873, 23 cents; 1874, 25 cents; 1875, 12½ cents; 1876, 15½ cents; 1877, 7 cents; 1878, 6 and 15-100 cents; 1879, 21 cents; 1880, 15 cents; 1881, 15 cents; 1882, three tons for 13 and



PUYALLUP, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]



VIEW IN THE AHTANUM VALLEY, NEAR NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

the balance for 58½ cents; 1883, four tons for 30 and the balance for 16 cents; 1884, average of 17 cents; 1885, 8 cents; 1886 average of 28 cents. His average yield for fifteen years was 1,800 pounds to the acre and his average net profit \$200 per acre. Mr. Ramsey, a hop-buyer from Wisconsin, whom I met in Puyallup, told me that the average crop in that State does not exceed 600 pounds per acre and that the crop of the famous Otsego County district, in the State of New York, averages only 800 pounds. Thus it appears that the Puyallup hop-grower gets three times as many pounds from an acre of land as the best hop regions in the East produce.

Labor in the picking season would be dear in Puyallup were it not for the Indians, who come in great numbers from the reservations on Puget Sound and even from as far as the distant islands and inlets of British Columbia, in their picturesque, high-prowed canoes, to earn money to buy the few simple necessities of their primitive life. They are a peaceable people and reasonably industrious. The hop-picking season is for them a sort of annual festivity when they do their visiting and when the young people arrange their marriages. Their fleet of canoes, drawn up on the shores of the milky Puyallup River, and the little huts which they build for themselves of brush and leaves, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the hop-harvest time.

Puyallup has become a market-gardening community as well as the hop metropolis. Now that Tacoma has grown to be a big place with 15,000 people and hopes of 50,000 in a few years, the business of raising vegetables and berries is beginning to attract a good deal of attention. I saw some marvelously productive gardens near the village and sampled the fruit from a raspberry patch of one acre and one-sixth from which 6,000 pounds of fruit were sold last year. The owner had leased it for one-third of the crop and the lessee said he should get 8,000 pounds from it this season. The rich soil, the pleasant surroundings of hop-gardens and evergreen forests and nearness to the city are beginning to make Puyallup a place for suburban homes for business men and working men whose week days are spent in stores, offices or shops in Tacoma. Acre tracts can be bought for less money than a twenty-five foot front lot costs in the city and all articles of food are comparatively cheap. As long as the Indian reservation shuts off the lower end of the valley from settlement

Puyallup will be the nearest point to Tacoma where rich land can be found. In other directions the land is all fir upland or gravelly prairie. The uplands will be slowly cleared for pasture and fruit farms, but not much progress will be made in this direction until the highly fertile valleys are thickly populated. Some settlers have recently gone upon the fir lands near Puyallup with the intention of raising prunes. It takes time for a prune orchard to yield any return, but once in bearing, ten or fifteen acres will give a family a very comfortable, independent living. While waiting five or six years for the trees to bear the settlers will work for wages in the hop fields, keep a few cows to run in the woods and gradually clear a few fields for grass and grain. With 160 acres of free homestead land for each family and with preserving industry they will work out their problem successfully.

Puyallup has a good weekly newspaper, *Commerce*, which makes a specialty of hop interests and hop market reports. It has a solid little bank, an opera house, a handsome public school building, a very creditable hotel costing \$25,000, and water-works supplied from pure springs. With the coal trains, running down to Tacoma from the mines at the head of the valley, the local trains between Tacoma and Seattle and the overland freight and passenger trains, the railway traffic on the Northern Pacific passing through the town amounts to eighteen trains a day. The neighboring hop fields cover about 1,500 acres. Hop raising attracts a notably intelligent class of farmers and the society of the valley, both in town and country, is excellent. Indeed, there is an air of comfort, taste and prosperity in the whole valley. And there is room and opportunity for more people to come in and share these advantages of a delightful climate, a productive soil, a special farming industry and agreeable social conditions.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.

"Do you mean to say this ship comes into your harbor all the way from Japan?" inquired a stranger standing on the Northern Pacific docks in Tacoma while the staunch ship *Wm. J. Rotch*, tea-laden from Yokohama, was being made fast. "Well, I have lived out on the prairies in Nebraska and Kansas, a long time and the only thing of the 'shipping' sort we had was an occasional prairie schooner sailing down across the plains at a half-knot an hour speed,

her top sails lettered in charcoal 'Kansas or Bust,' jib-boom slotted in between two gaunt horses, and a steering gear consisting of a half dozen pieces of hemp rope tied together. The captain would turn his crew in among us, and he would usually go into the coasting business—hauling grain from the farm to the town elevators, receive orders on the stores for his pay, and trade his orders into groceries to take home to his family on his return trip. Frequently a good portion of the grocery bill went down on the grocer's slate. I can tell you, I don't want any more two-horse schooner shipping in mine, and I am going to move out here where they bring in and carry out great cargoes in real ships, and in all seasons of the year. Then look at those long trains rolling in and out of your city—North East and South. Why around your freight houses and depots the crowds are busy loading and unloading cars, steamers and ships, while the crowds around our depots in Kansas stand there with their hands in their pockets counting the cars your laboring men have loaded or are to unload away out here." The man turned from the busy scene and sauntering down Pacific Avenue turned into Sampson and Durgin's office and made investments in some of the choice real estate on their list. He is now an enthusiastic Pacific Coaster. We might add that this firm make investments for non-residents in any portion of Western Washington, having some choice farm as well as city property on their books.

A COMPROMISE WHICH WAS NOT RATIFIED.

First Boy (to companion across the street)—

"Say, Jimmy, come over on dis side an' play."

Second Boy—"Dassent, De ole man sez if I go over dere again he'll lick me. You come over here."

F. B.—"I dassent neither. My ole man sez he'll break my back if I don't stay over on dis side."

S. B.—"I wish I was as big as me brudder Dan, I'd lam de face offen my ole man."

F. B.—"I don't. Me mudder gives my ole man all he can stand now. She trun him down cellar last night."

S. B.—"My mudder is dead. Say, ye got a ball?"

F. B.—"You bet, an' it's a lulu."

S. B.—"Let's have a game of ketch."

F. B.—"All right."

They do, and the result is a broken window in each house; also a broken spirit in each boy when their respective dads return.—*Albany Journal*.

A STORY OF THE COMSTOCK LODE.

The Goblin Frog That Pointed out to Peter O'Reilly the Great Luck in Store for Him.

Peter O'Reilly was a pioneer miner of Nevada and one of the discoverers of the great Comstock silver lode—one of the two men who turned to the light of day that glittering ore which was the first of over \$300,000,000 since taken from the wonderful vein then hit upon. For years before he made the great discovery O'Reilly had been working among the gold placers of Gold Canyon, a wet weather tributary of the Carson River, in which gold was discovered as early as 1852. In this canyon he wrought with pan and rocker, and at times with much success, sometimes taking out several hundred dollars in a few days, for the ground was very rich in spots.

"Pete" was fond of rambling away alone along the meanderings of the canyon in search of the rich spots that were to be found by those who diligently sought for them. He liked to be by himself and to mine in his own way. Provided he could find a few "colors" (small particles of gold) he would dig and pan away for days, quite confident that his luck would at last lead him to the right spot, and his labors be richly rewarded.

Peter O'Reilly was not only a Spiritualist, but also a firm believer in all manner of signs and omens. He heard voices, as did the heroes of Ossian, in the sighing breeze and extracted a meaning from all the sounds of hill and vale that reached his ear. The end of all this was (a few years after the discovery of the Comstock lode) that he became insane, and finally died in a private asylum at Woodbridge, Cal.

A writer in the San Francisco *Examiner* tells how his great luck came to him. It appears that the last mining O'Reilly ever did in Gold Canyon was when he started in to prospect a bar on which he found a previous locator in the person of a frog, which held a "squatter's" right to the place, and which frog almost immediately began to give him trouble.

Pete began his mining operations by constructing a small dam to turn the rill flowing in the canyon into a little ditch that led to his "panning hole" at the lower end of the bar.

The little reservoir formed by the dam held only about a dozen hogsheads of water. It was soon after this reservoir filled that Pete first had notice of the presence on his claim of the frog. He had sunk a pit in the gravel of the bar almost down to the bed-rock, and washed out two or three pans of dirt that yielded well. He was down in this prospect hole filling his pan with some particularly promising gravel, when he heard a small, squeaky voice sing out "struck it?"

Pete was at the moment deeply absorbed in the work in which he was engaged, and the shrill, squeaking voice ringing out so near at hand and asking a question that so exactly chimed in with the train of thought running through his head so startled him that his pick almost fell from his hands. He pricked up his ears and looked about in all directions to see whence proceeded the cheery little voice. Almost he expected to discover a little red mantled fairy peering out at him from some neighboring clump of willows or some tall tuft of grass. As he thus stood gazing about in open-mouthed amazement the little voice again piped out: "Struck it? Struck it? Struck it?"

Turning his eyes in the direction whence proceeded the inquiring voice, Pete presently descried a small green frog mounted upon a stick that projected an inch or two above the surface of the water in his reservoir. The frog was but a rod or two away, and seemed as Pete thought, to be looking inquiringly into his eyes.

"Struck it? Struck it? Struck it?" again said the frog.

"Are ye schpakin' to me, sor," said Pete.

"Struck it!" says the frog.

"It's a good omen," said Pete. "The little feller says I've sthruken it. Though he's no countryman o' mine, I believe in me sowl he manes well by me, and that I have sthruken it in this very hole."

So saying, Pete carried the pan of dirt he had dug

to his panning place, panned it out and did not get a "color." He was not astonished a little at this result, and was much inclined to call the frog a liar, but, on turning to look for him, the little fellow was gone. He went to his pit and dug another pan of dirt, listening all the time to hear what the frog would have to say about it. Not a word did the frog say, however.

Pete washed out the pan of dirt and got gold in the value of nearly a dollar. "Aha! ye little devil!" cried he, "where air ye now? Ye didn't have a word to say this time."

Well pleased with his luck, Pete began digging another pan of gravel from the place where he had got the last, expecting another rich result. He had been at work only half a minute before the little voice rang out sharp and clear: "Struck it? Struck it? Struck it?"

"Oh, yes, you little fool!" cried Pete, "its aisy for you to say 'Sthruken it! Sthruken it! Sthruken it!' after ye've seen what I've got in my pan."

"Struck it! Struck it! Struck it!" cried the frog in what seemed to Pete a triumphant tone.

"All right, me bye!" cheerily assented Pete, nodding his head towards the little fellow that sat winking and blinking on the end of the stick. "All right, me bye; av coorse I've struck it!"

Pete then picked up his pan of gravel, carried it to the water hole, washed it out and did not find a speck of gold. "You're the worst liar I ever saw!" cried Pete, rising up from his work and shaking his fist in the direction of the frog. Not a sign of the frog did he see, however, the little fellow having very prudently retired to the bottom of the pond.

Pete grumbled for a time, then went and dug another pan of gravel. As he was carrying the dirt to his panning place the frog stuck his head above the water and called out, "Struck it?" and again no gold was found. Thus it went. When the frog said nothing he got a good yield of gold, but when he made his usual inquiry—sneering inquiry Pete now considered it to be—no gold was found.

At last Pete had washed so many pans of dirt out of which the frog had charmed all the gold that he began to grow very angry. He was also not a little discouraged. Finally, just as he began to scrape the gravel out of a very promising crevice, and just as he was beginning to think the frog would this time hold his tongue, out came the little fellow with his "Struck it? Struck it?"

Pete quietly laid down his crevicing spoon, slyly gathered two or three big rocks, then softly, on tip-toe, began stealing towards his little persecutor, and just as the frog cried out, "Struck it? Struck it?" the irate O'Reilly let drive at him with a rock so huge that it could have been hurled by no lesser Ajax. The rock missed its mark, but raised a great commotion in the little pond.

Thinking he had given his bad angel a fright that would last him a fortnight, Pete returned to his work. He had almost filled his pan with very rich looking dirt, when up popped the frog's head and out came his tantalizing "Struck it? Struck it?"

Pete threw the pan of gravel as far as he could send it and made for the frog, determined on its destruction. He would stand no more of its infernal devilry.

Shovel in hand, he waded out into the middle of the little reservoir and scooped and tore about in it with a vigor and venom of a mad bull. Once or twice he saw, or imagined he saw, the frog dart through the discolored water and brought down the back of the shovel on the spot with such a "spat" that the blow might have been heard a mile away.

At last, not seeing anything more of the frog, Pete concluded that he had killed him. He gave the little animal a parting curse, and being wrought up to such a pitch of excitement and nervousness that he could work no more that afternoon, strode away put on his coat and went home.

The next morning he returned to his claim and his work. He had washed out several pans of dirt, and was getting good pay out of all he washed when

suddenly there fell upon his ear the shrill cry of "Struck it?"

The first note sent a thrill through Peter's stalwart frame like the sharp shock of an electrical battery; then a chill fell upon his heart and his hair almost rose on end. His evil genius, as he now firmly believed the little green frog to be, was still there, alive and at his old tricks.

"May the curse o' the howly Saint Pathrick light on ye!" cried Pete. Then he kicked over the pan of dirt he dug and made a rush for the reservoir, the frog "plumping" under the water with a little chirp at his approach. Again Pete went into the reservoir with his long handled shovel. He charged about, but could see nothing of the frog nor anything that looked like it. Being determined to do his enemy this time, Pete went for his pan and began trying to bail out the reservoir. Finding this too great a task, he got his pick, dug down the embankment of rocks and earth forming the little dam, and eagerly watched, with up-lifted shovel for the frog as the water ran off. The water all ran out of the reservoir, but his little tormentor was nowhere to be seen.

Pete waded out into the oozy bed of the pond, digging and ploughing about with his shovel; but he failed to start the goblin frog. He then arrived at the very reasonable conclusion that the little imp had gone down the stream with the body of water that rushed out of the reservoir when it was opened. He cruised about the spot for an hour or more, going down the channel of the canyon, turning over rocks and beating tufts of grass with his shovel, but saw nothing of the frog. Thinking his evil genius had been washed down through the canyon into the Carson River, Pete rebuilt his dam in order that he might have water ready for use in the morning. This job done, he went home, feeling quite sure that he had either killed or permanently ousted his little enemy.

The next day he returned to his work. Before starting in, however, he walked round the reservoir several times, peering keenly into the water and kicking every bunch of grass about its margin. The frog was nowhere to be seen or started.

Pete then went to his prospect hole and began digging, stopping occasionally, however, to cock an eye towards the pond and listen for the frog. There was no sign of the little imp and Pete's heart grew lighter. He had dug a pan of dirt without the usual bated interruption and was on his way to wash it out when—"Struck it? Struck it?" was squeaked from the pond by the goblin frog.

This was too much for Pete. The pan dropped from his hands, his under-jaw fell, and he sank down upon the nearest bowlders. As he was wondering if it was possible for him ever in any way to rid himself of the evil thing that destroyed his luck, the frog again called out as cheerily as ever, "Struck it? Struck it?"

"May the devil burn ye!" cried Pete. "No, I haven't sthruken it, and what's more I never will sthrike it wid ye there, ye dirty little blackguard! Must I be comin' afther ye again, ye unclean baste o' the devil?"

"Struck it!" said the frog.

"Ye think so?" cried Pete sarcastically, and catching up a pick he ran to the reservoir and began digging down the embankment.

Soon, however, he paused in this work, and throwing down his pick said, "No, it's of no use. Haven't I tried to get him in all manner o' ways? No, when I get the wather off he'll be gone. He's no human frog. I'll jist let him howld possession and I'll hunt me another place. Devil a lick will I ever sthrike here again; it's the devil's own child he is. I've heard birds talk and bastes talk but niver wan o' thim all that could schpake so plain as this little green devil that's widout either feathers or hair—he's not human."

Pete began gathering up his tools and clothes with the intention of vacating the place, when he stopped and gazed wistfully at his prospect hole.

"A promising place, too, it was in the main," said he. "Howly Mother! Shall I, a Christian and a good

Catholic, be tormented away by a dirty little heretic baste like you? No, I'll give him a warmin' yit, and all the likes of him. I'll pepper him to-morrow!" So saying, Pete put on his coat and struck out for home, turning to shake his fist towards the pond as he departed.

The next morning Pete went up towards John-town, a little trading post about a mile above his claim, and borrowed a shotgun; then he bought a quantity of powder and shot and returned towards his mine in a vengeful mood. Again and again he said as he strode along: "I'll kill that frog if it's among the possibilities!"

On reaching his claim Pete crawled to a big rock near the pond, and, seating himself upon it, watched patiently for over an hour, but the frog of Hades was neither to be seen nor heard.

"He has run away," said Pete, "but I'll kill him if he's anywhere on the face of the green earth!"

He then moved cautiously along down the canyon. Although frogs were quite common on the Carson River, they were seldom seen in Gold Canyon. At last, however, Pete saw what he thought might be his tormentor. He blazed away with his gun and stretched the creature lifeless on the margin of the rill. He was beginning to rejoice over the victory he had gained when up from the spot leaped another frog, the very picture of that he had killed. Pete looked at this new apparition, then turned and gazed on the slaughtered animal, to be sure he was dead. Finding it still stretched on the ground, he went after the second frog, which he finally succeeded in killing. All that day he hunted up and down in the canyon, blazing away at everything that moved. He slaughtered many toads and lizards, but only one other frog.

The next day he was again out with his gun, and every day for about a week, extending his hunt as far as the Carson River, and firing away many pounds of shot to little effect. He talked of little but frogs, and the miners along the canyon, who always found great sport in his eccentricities and in his superstitious notions, "stuffed" him with many stories of the baleful influences of frogs and toads.

One morning, to the surprise of the jocular miners of the camp, for whom his insane warfare on the frogs had afforded great sport, instead of starting out with his gun, Pete took his pan and crevicing spoon, and departed down the canyon in the direction of his claim. An hour later Pete came tearing up the canyon to the camp wild-eyed. "I'll niver strike pick until this canyon again!" cried he. "That imp o' the devil is still there on me claim! I was but jist liftin' me second pan of dirt whin he raised his head from the water and says 'Pate, have ye sthruke it?' sez he. 'May the devil bless me,' says I, 'if ye can't pick until it again.' No more I will. That frog is no human frog—it's a child o' hell!"

Pete O'Reilly kept his word; he at once "pulled up stakes" in Gold Canyon. He struck for Six Mile Canyon, five miles to the northward. Taking Pat McLaughlin for a partner, the two began mining at the head of the canyon, where Virginia City now stands, and there the pair presently "struck it"—struck the great Comstock silver lode, the hidden treasure house of the gnomes and the wonder of the whole mining world. But for the "goblin frog" O'Reilly would probably have continued mining in Gold Canyon and to this day the Comstock and the "Big Bonanza" might have remained undiscovered. But for that frog the names of Mackay, Fair and a score of other mining millionaires would not now be known throughout the world.

On the Father's Side.

It was in Salt Lake City. They were inspecting a Sunday school. Two little boys were called up.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Sammy Jones."

"How old are you?" "Thirteen."

"What is your name?" the other was asked. "Sammy Jones."

"And your age?" "Thirteen."

"Why, are you twins?" "Yes, please sir, on the father's side."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE STAMPEDE IN DICK DODD'S SALOON.

A Frontier Incident.

We were stationed in the valley,
Beside a turbid branch,
In the good old days of Texas,
When they called a house a ranch.

Bill Bareback was my captain,
Alas! I really fear,
His habits war'nt as regular
As became a volunteer.

Or rather rashly regular,
In his impulsive way,
He took his toddy straight at noon,
And kept it up all day.

And when the shades of evening fell,
He laughed sweet sleep to scorn;
And while the liquor lasted whooped
The racket up till morn.

It chanced that certain citizens,
Felt called on to complain,
For Jack had "painted red" the town,
And promised to again.

So settled in their stupid minds,
To buck the captain back,
But did not fully comprehend,
Or estimate old Jack.

At length he gathered up a keg,
'Twas marked "Dupont's best glaze,"
And striding fiercely to the hearth,
He dropped it on the blaze.

Remarking in his pleasant way,
Though some might think him rough,
"I fancy, gentlemen, this crowd,
Have all lived long enough."

They didn't stop to hear our friend,
Orate upon that floor;
Some patronized the window,
Some "lit out" by the door.

The bravest ran a hundred yards,
The cowards quickly caved,
And one, more frightened than the rest,
Into his pig pen dashed.

One fellow said his mule was sick,
He quite forgot till then;
Another thought he "heard his wife,
A callin' of old Ben."

They listened patiently to hear,
The terrible report;
One hinted for the captain's sake,
The coroner be brought.

But somehow no explosion came,
As in that freezing air,
They waited, chillily to note,
The final toss and tear.

Still everything remained serene;
There came no flare or blast,
No sudden rending of the roof,
No fierce explosive crash.



"SOME PATRONIZED THE WINDOW,
SOME 'LIT OUT' BY THE DOOR."

A man of wonderful resource,
They tried it on in vain,
He never seemed to heed their slights,
Or pay them back again.

Yet keenly watched their little game,
And swore by his two bars,
He'd make those fellows capers cut,
Or never win his stars.

It chanced upon a winter night,
And mighty cold at that,
My senior started out—not tight,
But a hot-brick in his hat.—

He dropped into Dick Dodd's saloon,
On festive mission bent,
Where not a man among them moved,
With welcoming intent.

But crowded closer 'round the fire,
Though bitter was the night;
While Jack beyond the cheerful blaze,
Could never get a sight.

Yet uttered not a single word,
But gazed upon the scene,
With sadness in his placid eyes,
And aspect quite serene.

Dodd ran a kind of general store,
A bar and grocery, too;
Licensed to peddle powder, rum,
Red-eye and mountain dew.

So creeping back by slow degrees,
One braver than the rest
Crawled to the window and peeped in,
Then swore "may I be blessed."

For sitting calmly on a seat,
The warmest in the place,
Old Jack was gazing on the fire,
With pleased and placid face.

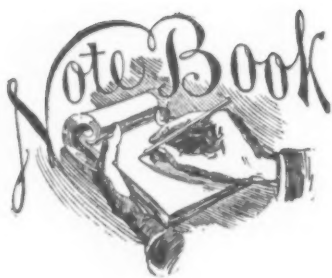
His right hand held a horn of grog,
Selected with much care,
He puffed a private meerschaum,
Some frightened fool left there.

"Come in," he cried, as one by one,
The crowd crept to the door;
"I've burned that empty onion keg,
That held Dupont before."

"I knew right well such fools would scare
So dropped it on the logs,
To teach you fellows, gentlemen
Don't quarrel much with hogs."

"But conquer by convincing means,
In mild persuasive way;
I'll say good evening now to all;
You won't forget to-day."

"The next time that you want to keep,
The fire from old Jack,
Don't leave an empty powder keg,
A-laying on the rack."



By the courtesy of the officers of the Montana Central and St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railroads, THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE car and party were transported from Helena to St. Paul on the return trip from the Pacific Coast, over the new lines of those companies. The Montana Central has a very picturesque road from Helena to Great Falls, running for a considerable part of the distance through the narrow, rocky canyon of Prickly Pear Creek and the broader and bolder canyon where the Missouri River breaks through the Belt Mountains. Leaving this latter canyon, called the Gate of the Mountains by Lewis and Clarke, the early explorers, the road comes out upon grassy plains, but keeps the river in view all the way to the new town of Great Falls.

GREAT FALLS is named from the lower cataract of the Missouri, which is twelve miles distant. The town stands at the foot of a long, lake-like pool, and above the first of the series of rapids and cataracts. The Great Fall is 100 feet high on the south side of the river, but it is at the bottom of a deep, precipitous chasm and is very little visited. Only five miles from the town and easily seen from below as well as from the cliffs above, by the help of a solid stairway descending the gorge, is the Rainbow Fall, very grand and graceful, with its sheer leap of fifty feet and its even volume of blue water. Two miles above, the Black Eagle Fall, of thirty feet, has many special elements of beauty. Between the Black Eagle and the Rainbow is the Giant Fountain, which is probably the largest spring in the world. It covers nearly an acre of ground, and from its luminous depths where golden-hued rocks and bright green aquatic plants make a lovely contrast of color, pours forth a volume of water so great that it forms almost a river of itself where it leaps over its limestone terraces into the Missouri. I am glad I saw this wonderful spring four years ago when all the country was new, when no big smelting works were building close at hand and no tourists had left empty beer bottles on its banks. It will always be a great spectacle, but it was best appreciated when a visit involved either a long stage ride, or, as in my case, a skiff expedition of four days down the Missouri.

THE town of Great Falls is only three years old, and has already a population of 2,500 and the substantial look of a well-established trade center. The big hotel, facing the river, is the most conspicuous structure. Many of the business houses are of brick or stone. The place is the junction point of the Manitoba system with its western affiliated connection, the Montana Central, and the starting point for two branches of the latter road, one running fifteen miles to the Sand Coulee coal field and the other four miles down the river to the smelter. The smelting works form a large plant for reducing ores, and the plan is to run them with coal from Sand Coulee and ores from the mines near Helena and Butte and from the nearer mines of the Weichert and Barker district, when the latter shall be reached by rail.

THE new line of the Manitoba Company, from Great Falls to Minot, the former frontier town of the Manitoba system in North Dakota, is over 500 miles long and traverses a region quite uninhabited save near the old town of Fort Benton, at the military posts of Assiniboine, Belknap and Buford and at two or three Indian agencies. This vast region has only this year been freed from the incubus of an Indian reser-

vation and its capacity for supporting population cannot be judged from its present appearance. It is all a plains country, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and crossed by many streams, with alluvial bottoms and fringes of cottonwood timber along their banks. All of it is a good stock country and much of it will prove in time to be valuable for farming. The likeness of this region to the country along the Northern Pacific Railroad in Western Dakota and Eastern Montana is very noticeable. Thus the upper Milk River Valley looks like the upper Yellowstone Valley; the lower Milk River Valley resembles the valley of the Yellowstone below Custer, save that the river is not so wide and the bluffs are low and leave a bottom on both sides of the stream; and the country along the Missouri below Fort Buford and through Dakota to Minot has a great similarity to that on the N. P. west of Mandan.

THROUGH Northern Dakota, on the Manitoba road, the wheat crop looked well as we came through. There had been a great deal more rain than usual in June and all vegetation was green and luxuriant. Devil's Lake City has made some progress since I last saw it three years ago. Grand Forks also looks prosperous. So does Crookston, on the Minnesota side of the Red River Valley. Many of the smaller towns do not seem to be getting ahead. They complain that the Manitoba has built so many lines of late that grain buying and merchandise selling is diffused among a multitude of local stations, and that there is consequently not as much centering of business as there was when the region was first settled. At the same time the land is steadily being occupied by new settlers, as is attested by the many new houses and claim shanties and the frequency of newly-broken fields. The wheat acreage will be much greater this year than last. There is everywhere room for more people to find homes upon the fertile Dakota soil.

AT Lewiston, in June, I met Judge Buck, formerly of Winona, Minn., who had just completed his eighth year of service on the Federal bench in Idaho, and at the close of his second term had turned the office over to Judge Logan, his Democratic successor. Judge Buck has a ranch near Lewiston and intends to travel the circuit of Northern Idaho as a lawyer. Among other anecdotes he tells of the Idaho bar I remember the following. He was trying a case not long ago at Murray in the Cœur d'Alene gold region. On one side were two young lawyers, Winston lately from North Carolina, and Singleton, a son of the famous Mississippi Congressman. On the other was W. H. Claggett, an old-time frontier lawyer. Winston in his speech frequently referred to the gentleman from Mississippi, and Singleton complimented the eloquent remarks of the gentleman from North Carolina. When it came Claggett's turn he began by saying: "Now that these geographical gentlemen have finished their oratory, I shall call the attention of the jury to the facts in this case."

ONE Sunday in June last, Manager Holcomb, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, invited a small party of Eastern friends to make a steamboat excursion to the Falls of the Willamette. One of the company's big river boats ascended the narrow winding stream until the spray of the falls fell upon the little group of admiring guests clustered upon her hurricane deck. Then the Government canal and locks were visited and the mills and the dry dock for upper river boats on the opposite shore. What struck the practical men of the party, two of whom were railway directors from New York city, was the small use made of the immense water-power. Here is a perpendicular fall of forty-one feet, affording forty per cent. more power than the falls of St. Anthony at Minneapolis, yet the only manufactories are a woolen mill, a flouring mill and a saw mill. Oregon City, the town at the falls, is a city only in name, its population not exceeding fifteen hundred souls. With railway facilities, with water transportation both above and below the falls and with Portland only fifteen miles distant, it would seem that this picturesque

place cannot long remain the quiet village that it now is. Free use of the power for ten years is offered by the corporation controlling it.

I MET in Milwaukee last month a man who has made more people laugh, and made more money by making people laugh than any other writer of this generation—I mean George W. Peck, editor of *Peck's Sun* and author of "Peck's Bad Boy." He looks to be about fifty with his gray hair, moustache and imperial, and unlike stage comedians, is not at all solemn in his ways. He has a merry eye, and a droll droop to his eyelids and when he talks he unconsciously says odd and amusing things. He told me that three theatrical companies are still playing a dramatization of his "Bad Boy" and paying him a royalty. About the sale of his books I did not need ask for they are to be seen on every newstand and every train boy puts them into traveler's laps. Mr. Peck lives in a handsome house in Milwaukee and has a pretty place in the country. It is not many years since he was working as sub-editor for Brick Pomeroy at \$25 a week.

OF all American cities I think Milwaukee most agreeable for summer residence. Lake Michigan's immense expanse of cool waters gives the air a peculiar quality of freshness and a lower temperature by from five to fifteen degrees than can be found a few miles back in the interior. The well-shaded streets make pleasant drives and promenades. There are interesting excursions by lake and river. For amusements there is an excellent art gallery, and every night you can hear a standard opera fairly well sung, in a big cool building in the midst of a handsome park, and at a cost of from twenty-five to seventy-five cents only. Then the spirit of the city is one of easy-going conservatism and comfort and is grateful to one seeking summer repose.

THE enormous gain in the value of real estate in growing western cities is strikingly shown by a recent occurrence. A piece of property in Minneapolis was bought thirty years ago for \$32. In time it became by inheritance the property of a sister of Ben Hopkins, the wholesale druggist of Milwaukee. Not long ago Mr. Hopkins came to Minneapolis and sold it for \$60,000.

MUSIC.

It opens the gates of heaven
Till we hear the angels sing,
And the anthems glad, triumphant,
On our sodden senses ring.
We can hear the deep chords throbbing,
And the swelling chorus sweet,
And hark to the rise and falling
When a myriad voices meet.

But it tears the dark graves open,
And we see our dead again,
Hear the bitter, last words spoken,
And feel the sickening rain
Of hot, sad tears that blot with grief
The world to the very skies.
Till the flowers forget to blossom
And the dear old sun to rise.

And then it shrieks of battlefields,
And the earth all red with slain,
And we feel the shock of cannon
And the bullets' deadly rain.
How the horseman yonder falters!
How the swords flash in the sun!
The hosts send forth the battle-cry
Till the dead-strewn field is won.

Now the music throbs and quivers;
How the placid river flows!
See the moonbeams on the water,
Where the snow-white lily blows!
Hear the lover whisper pleading,
Hear the tender, low reply,
While the nightingale is pouring
Her song to the star-lit sky.

And on it floats and trembles still,
And trails into faintest air,
Till our hearts grow full to bursting,
And our feet are on the stair
That leads to the great wide ether,
Where the spirit-life is free,
And we forget our earthly pain
In a vast, sweet harmony.

FRUITFUL WASHINGTON.

The fecundity of the soil of Washington Territory in conjunction with our climate render its adaptability for diversified crops practically without limit. Every season some agricultural experiment is made and in most cases successfully. Small fruit culture has proven so satisfactory in its results that canneries are

will do well to establish like canning and preserving works. For a few years past, experimental tobacco farming has been going on in the western part of the Territory and the success that has attended it, is shown by the following article, clipped from the *Tacoma Ledger*.

Mr. Bland, at North Yakima, recently procured a specimen of tobacco from the Moxee Company, which

invest in Washington Territory and engage in the cultivation of this paying crop.

We do not know whether the farmers of Eastern Washington have attempted to raise the weed, and without experiment nothing can be predicted as to the adaptability of this part of the Territory for tobacco culture. The figures given by Mr. Bland, who is an expert in this line, show that tobacco is a



RAINBOW FALLS OF THE MISSOURI. FIFTY FEET HIGH.—[From a photo. by Aubrey A. Rusten.]

being projected in the older fruit growing regions, where the orchards have attained age sufficient to justify confidence in good and unfailing crops. Next season will see the successful operation of such an industry all over the Territory where there are bearing orchards. The revenue from fruit canneries has been one of the great agricultural resources of California and with all the facilities at hand our Territory

he pronounces in quality, color or gloss for wrappers as superior to any in the United States that has come under his notice. He remarked that twenty-five acres in the Moxee Valley in tobacco would produce from 35,000 to 37,000 pounds, which, at fifteen cents a pound would bring \$925 an acre, or \$5,625 for twenty-five acres. In all probability this firm, which is rated in the East at from \$500,000 to \$750,000 capital, will

very valuable crop, and the extensive engaging in its culture would add many dollars to the wealth of the Territory.—*Spokane Falls Chronicle*.

FOREIGN TOURIST—"What do you do when you go to the lakes, fish?" Local Tourist—"No." "Hunt?" "Nop." "What then?" "Wait for the train to come back."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.



How to Handle the Hat.

The following rules are supplied by a New York hatter to his customers:

If you pass a lady, though a stranger, in the hall of a hotel, on the stair, or if you do her any little service, such as restoring her fan or glove or if she makes an inquiry of you or you of her, raise your hat.

A gentleman walking with an acquaintance raises his hat to those persons to whom his friend salutes, but does not bow.

Gentlemen remove their hats in hotel elevators when ladies are present.

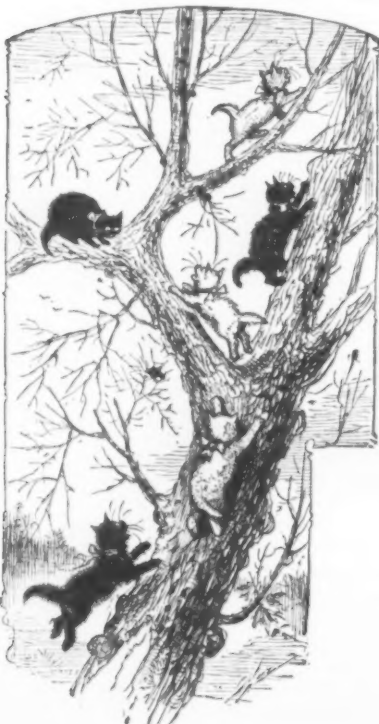
Well-bred men lift their hats to their wives upon meeting them in a public place as deferentially as to any other lady.

Don't Worry if You'd Live Long.

Possibly you know a man who is up in the eighties that steps out briskly, reads without glasses and eats heartily. His complexion is as fresh as that of most men at half his age, and fresher than that of many women who are yet in the matrimonial market. He reads the news of the day with interest, recalls events that transpired half a century ago, and could transact business successfully if necessary. That man had bided his time. Had he fumed and fretted whenever he was balked, had he stormed when disappointed or gone into the dumps because his neighbor had been more successful in business or more lucky in speculation, he would have been old and wrinkled or dead.—*Liverpool Courier.*

How Long a Child Should Sleep.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years



a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at six or seven in the evening and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicines can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life to be cut short at an early age.—*Dr. C. Fred Pollock in the Chautauquan.*

The Care of the Eyes.

At the sanitary convention held at Ann Arbor, Mich., not long ago, Dr. C. J. Lundy, of Detroit, read a paper on "Hygiene in Relation to the Eye." In concluding, he laid down the following rules.

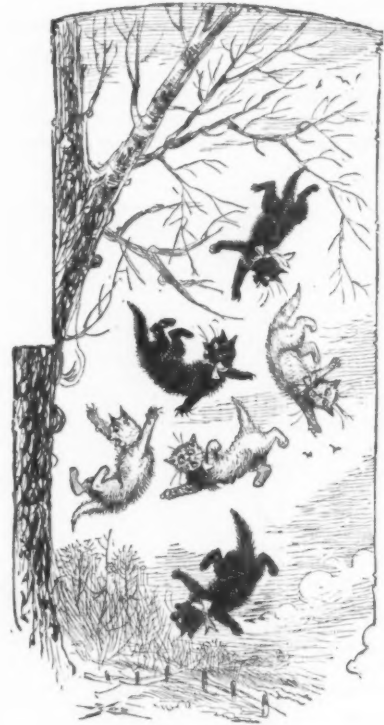
1. Avoid reading and study by poor light.
2. Light should come from the side, and not from the back or from the front.
3. Do not read or study while suffering great bodily fatigue or during recovery from illness.
4. Do not read while lying down.
5. Do not use the eyes too long at a time for near work, but give them occasional periods of rest.
6. Reading and study should be done systematically.
7. During study avoid the stooping position or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.
8. Select well printed books.
9. Correct errors of refraction with proper glasses.
10. Avoid bad hygienic conditions and the use of alcohol and tobacco.
11. Take sufficient exercise in the open air.
12. Let the physical keep pace with the mental culture, for asthenopia is most usually observed in those who are lacking in physical development.

Into Gulfs of Space.

The great Lick telescope, although not yet in full working order, has demonstrated its superior power by its clearer presentation of objects located in the solar system and its discoveries in the infinitely more remote stellar universe. Its latest performance is said to be the discovery of suns, which, because it has proved to be so empty to all other telescopes, has been called decisively, "the hole in the sky." Mr. Boutwell once wanted to see Andrew Johnson shot out through that "hole in the sky"—never dreaming that the alleged hole was occupied by a universe of suns, many of which, were very likely, are bigger than ours, and all of which probably have their own systems of attendant planets. Suns so remote that their light, flashing through the star depths at the rate of 187,000 miles per second, takes a thousand years to reach our world may well have remained hitherto unseen, buried in fathomless space. It takes a fraction over eight minutes for the sun's light to reach the earth, but the sun is only 92,000,000 miles distant. It is useless for the mind to try to grasp, in a "realizing sense," even such distances as 92,000,000 miles. As to shoreless depths of outer space, peopled as it may be to all infinity with circling suns and systems nothing less than eternity for mental development would serve to qualify human minds even approximately to grasp the mighty reality.—*Hartford Post.*

Things People Should Know.

Mr. A. S. Murray, Keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities, British Museum, delivered an interesting lecture at the Parkes Museum recently on the "Physical Training of the Greeks and Romans." He observed that it had been said in ancient times that the two things which the Greeks desired most were to be healthy and to be beautiful. Beauty, in their eyes,



was attainable largely by a careful system of physical training. We see, he observes, their idea of physical beauty nowhere better than on the sculptured frieze of the Parthenon at Athens now in the British Museum, for the greater part of it is a simple glorification of the beauty of youth as developed by physical training on horseback and in chariot racing. There was no more marked difference between the Greeks and semi-barbarous races that surrounded them than in this matter of physical training. In one of his dialogues Lucian introduces the Scythian Prince Anarcharsis, who visited Athens in the sixth century, B. C., and in the course of his visit went to the Palaistra. He was much surprised at the various exercises of the youth, thinking them ridiculous. He asked Solon, the legislator, how he could defend such folly. Solon exclaimed that the exercises of the youth might seem absurd to an onlooker, but that they were meant to train up a race of men who, largely by this training, should become valuable citizens, capable of taking their part in war through the skill of body they thus acquired, and capable of taking a share in the administration of public affairs through the clearness of head and ready judgment which the habitual training of the Palaistra fostered in them. The lecturer then proceeded to describe the ordinary exercises of the boys previous to their reaching the age of joining the Palaistra, giving instances of skill attained in the various contests of leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, throwing the disc and the spear. Lastly he noticed the physical training of the girls, to whom running was the only form of public contest allowed, and that only in a very restricted degree.

Sending For the Doctor.

"I have established a new rule never to go to see a patient at night unless I feel fully satisfied that the case requires immediate attention," said a well-known physician. Many doctors would gladly adopt the above decision, but they hesitate for various reasons. Some are just starting out in life, others find the building up of a lucrative practice such slow work, that an assumption of independence on their part is not to be thought of. It is only by hard work and many sacrifices that a physician can ever hope to have his claim to independence recognized.

Many people are constantly inviting disease—for instance, a supper of fried oysters, hot biscuit, rich cake and strong tea or coffee will, in nine cases out

of ten, ruin the strongest digestion, and the individual who is in the habit of gorging himself with highly seasoned food late in the day will probably spend a great portion of his life regretting that he did not heed the warning when his overtaxed stomach cried "Hold! Enough!"

Fancy a tired, worn out physician plodding through a blinding snow storm or drizzling rain at midnight to attend an individual who, doubled up with cramps and parched with fever, imagines that he will surely die!

The doctor places his hand upon the patient's wrist, examines his tongue, then, with an expression of disgust upon his countenance, which he cannot conceal prescribes a dose of oil, orders a warm bath and rest.

"I would advise you to eat very little rich, heavy food. If you keep on abusing your stomach in this way I will not answer for the consequences," says the doctor in a tone of annoyance.

The patient, with lamb-like docility, promises immediate reform, and while his body is racked with pain and his throat parched with fever, he vows to live on oat meal, dry toast and "cambric tea" henceforth and forever. Recovery from the "spell" usually renders the individual entirely oblivious to good resolutions, and ere long he is again called upon to pay the penalty of indiscretion.

As the doctor tramps or drives homeward through the storm we cannot blame him for lapsing into a state of mind similar to that of the druggist, who was aroused at twelve o'clock on a cold winter morning by a man who wanted to buy a—postage stamp.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Sleep of Children.

A child should be in bed as the fowls are, at sundown at least. And he should be allowed to rise in the morning as soon as he wakes. It is not only torture but an unhealthy mischief to compel children to lie in bed awake two hours to prevent disturbing older people. The morning sun is most essential to plant life. A conservatory should always if possible, be on the east side of the house. It is equally true that the morning sun is most valuable for animal vigor, and that includes human beings. We all of us, are breaking both ends of the law. Our sleep should be taken earlier, and we should never fail of getting the morning sun.

I abominate night parties for children. I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exposure and the eating in the night, and the bad associations formed (of a high-toned sort, possibly) but the breaking into the sleepy habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of twelve-years, who was wasted and nervous, and whose dreams were filled with his problems. It was a marvel and pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep, such as he failed to master when awake. But he came near his final problem. I looked up his books at four o'clock. He must not touch one after his supper. He must play and romp, and then go to bed. He is now robust. You cannot emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study.

Whatever a stolid lot of animal natures can do our American children are sensitive and cannot do—that is sleep safely two in a bed. No matter what else you economize there is a criminal folly in economizing beds. Every person needs his own bed more than he needs his own chair or his own plate at the table. And the best bed in the world is a good bed of fresh straw covered with plenty of quilts. No child should be allowed to sleep on feathers, or animal refuse of any sort. But to sleep two in a bed is a vital damage. One is sure to absorb the electric energy of the other. What we must look for is to accumulate constitution for the child, and establish a stout conservative tendency. Our American life will be sure to make heavy

drafts on him. If he has no capital he can pay no interest. This habit of sleeping alone should be retained through life under all circumstances. More mischief, as well as immorality, comes from the opposite course than from any other common habit.

A good deal of nonsense is sometimes published about sending children to bed with full stomachs. This is well enough so long as a babe is an animal, and has not awakened to much use of the brain; but as soon as a child has come to an age of active thought he should have a chance for light exercise and sport after his meals; never, however, allowing him to go to bed excited. Above all things to be appreciated is the stormy season so frequently indulged in just at retiring. The child prefers to sit up, and invariably retires in a storm of passion, added to by the storm of nurse or parent. He should be calmly and firmly restrained from all such outbreaks. There is a great difference in children about retiring; some very active brains grow sleepy and desire to retire early; others

Although this modest flower is supposed to shun the garish day and hide behind mossy stones, and all that, according to the poets, it cannot be said that the women of the present day who shed its delicate perfume wherever they go imitate it in that respect. The violet is extremely popular, but a departure is sometimes made in favor of heliotrope, the white heliotrope being the most delicate and expensive.

Into the linings of dresses and cloaks is quilted a quantity of sachet powder, whose perfume usually lasts about three months. Dress pockets have a perfumed lining, or a small sachet may be sewed inside, or a little sachet powder in a sealed envelope will be sufficient to give the handkerchief a delicate perfume. Pincushions are partly stuffed with the powder, as are bags of satin or plush, elaborately embroidered and tied with fancy ribbons, intended to be laid on tables or the backs of chairs, in bedrooms, boudoirs, or parlors. Vases also are sometimes filled with sachet powder or prepared rose leaves, thus giving the room a pleasant odor of flowers at a trifling expense.

Bureau covers of satin have the powder quilted in the lining, and sachets of silk or satin are made to fit into each bureau drawer, so that everything laid on them becomes impregnated with the perfume. The linings of muffs are also perfumed, and gloves, handkerchiefs and laces are always kept in their own particular perfumed receptacles. In sending gifts a sachet is never thought superfluous, and they are apt to be sent as an adjunct to a book, a handkerchief or a set of doilies.

Of course a woman with any self-respect would go through tortures, if necessary, in order to secure a good complexion. But nature must do a great deal in the first place, and after that bathing helps things along amazingly. Women have been seen at balls in this city with their necks grimy with dirt. This seems incredible. If a woman can go to a ball in such a condition, not only must she have lost her own self-respect, but also the respect of other people. A Turkish or Russian bath is cleansing and healthy, and one of the best means for improving the complexion and softening the skin. New York women have become very fond of these baths, and many of them take at least one bath every week throughout the year, coming up to town from a neighboring resort during the summer. There is no more delightful way of getting rid of the hot test hours of the day than to pass them in a Russian bath. Some women bathe to get fat, and some to get thin, and they all succeed in attaining their object. After the bath many are rubbed with vaseline in preference to alcohol, or with sweet oil, that being the most fashionable unguent at present. It is the correct thing to use it on the face at night, after having bathed it in very hot water, as the surest destroyer of wrinkles. And those who care for neither vaseline nor oil take their own perfumes to the bath, and are rubbed down with them.

Dakota Prairie Flowers.

As the delicate beauty of the little pioneer crocus begins to fade, along the latter part of April there comes a perfect host of spring flowers, great bunches of purple Lupine, the pale pink blossoms of the Buffalo clover, and countless varieties of white flowers, one of the prettiest of which resembles our garden heliotrope. The most conspicuous of the flowers at this time of the year is the Wild Coreopsis or Coreopsis Lanecolata. The center is a rich carmine with petals of beautiful golden yellow. The so-called Wild Sage is a low growing plant with silvery looking leaves, and tiny flowers of a deep blue color. It grows in profusion all over the prairies and in many places where the soil is too dry for other plants to flourish.

Wife (whose husband is rescuing her from drowning)—"Shall I keep my mouth shut, John?" Husband—"Yes if you can."



DAKOTA PRAIRIE FLOWERS.—WILD SAGE, COREOPSIS SUPINE AND SNAPDRAGON.

equally active grow wakeful and excited.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Perfumes and Baths.

If a woman wishes to make a lasting impression on a man, says a writer in the *Graphic*, let her always use some peculiar and penetrating perfume—something distinctively her own. There is nothing so powerful to bring back the past as a perfume. No sound of music or splashing fountain, no rustling of silk or jingling of bangles, no familiar phrase or combination of colors, is one-quarter so subtle a reminder as a perfume.

The novelists constantly write of "tresses of perfumed hair," and one of Ouida's unnatural heroines was always preceded by the odor of the roses that she habitually wore. And women in real life seem to appreciate the power and subtlety of perfumes quite as much as those in books.

The love of women for sweet smells is as old as the hills. The favorite perfume just now is the violet.

JIM'S ROMANCE.

The town of Gibson, in Indian Territory, is located on the Verdigris River, an arm of the Kansas. It is also on the border line of the Creek and Cherokee countries, and is nine miles distant by wagon road from the military post at Fort Gibson. A few miles to the south the town of Muskogee furnishes its share of local excitement, and is the telegraphing point of many sensational killings. To the east, just twenty miles, Tallaquah offers the most decided touch of metropolitan life that the residents of Gibson and vicinity can reach with a day in the saddle. Some eight or ten houses, including the store that holds the Post-office, one or two general groceries, the hotel and railroad station building, make the sum total of Gibson's claim upon the gazetteer.

Duties incident to the writer's association with an Eastern paper made a stay of several days at Gibson necessary during the early part of last summer. There was a delightful novelty in the surroundings and a refreshing vigor in the rude simplicity of things and people—character was more rugged. Truth seemed more direct and tenderness held more tears from the very contrast with its setting. The great vines climbed and interlaced the walnut timber that skirted the pretty stream; birds of brilliant colors were on every side, and the rank luxury of the grasses seemed in harmony with the buxom outlines of the Indian girls that ripened early, unconscious of the richness of their health.

The cowboys came to Gibson on their skittish ponies and dashed away again after a bucking start. The Indians and half-breeds, in their sombreros, shirts and leather breeches, came lazily up and moodily departed in the twilight—to the stranger perplexing enigmas of the gloaming, themselves the lingering rays of a great people whose light has almost gone.

On one quiet evening of that memorable week, memorable for its great quiet, the proprietor of the inn was standing with the writer on the porch. The conversation had been upon his half-breed daughter—the wife of a full-blooded Creek. The girl with a pan of salt was sprinkling it upon some big stones that were in the meadow, just in front, and the sober cows were coming up to lick it.

"Yes, we always give 'em salt when it looks a bit like rain. An' when they smell the damp in the air they come as reg'lar as can be to get it. Them stones is smooth as glass where they've licked 'em for the las' twenty years."

"The girl always does this for them."

"'Cept when she's at school. Then Jim tends to it."

Jim was the farm hand, and now he was sitting at the table whittling.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do with Jim. He used to be one of the smartes' han's aroun' this country, but he's gittin' awfully no 'count; drinkin' and fightin'."

"Drinkin'? Isn't it against your laws to sell liquors in the Indian country?"

"Oh, yes; but Jim gets it somewhere."

After a little further talk the inn-keeping farmer strolled down to his stable to turn the horses out for the night, and the writer joined Jim on the platform.

"Jim."

"Yes."

"You were not raised in this section. You have seen considerable of the world."

"About as much as most fellows of thirty-five."

"How long have you been here?"

"With the ole man?"

"Yes."

"'Bout twelve year."

"Jim, we've known each other only a few days and it isn't my business, perhaps, but you're getting tired of your life here. The folks say you are not—well—not as steady as you used to be. What is the trouble? To-morrow I am going back to the States—maybe never will see you again, and it kind-a occurred to me that you'd like to talk about your-

self. I believe everybody feels that way at times."

Jim waited a long time, so long that the fear presented itself that he was going to rebuke the questioner by his silence, and then—

"Them meader larks—hear 'em? They make me bluer'n death—them an' that girl there by the cows."

The plaintive whistle of the meadow lark was all about and the figure of the dusky, maiden duskily outlined against the evening sky, suggested the soft treatment of the etching of the Angelus. No wonder, Jim, you feel blue.

"When I furst come here I was twenty-three. My home was in Missury, but I'd been all over the United States. I'd been a canvassman with a circus. Bella, there, was only six, a little halfbreed Injun girl, but purty as she could be. I taught her letters to her, an' I taught her to spell, an' then to read a little, an' when she was nine she could pick out words in the newspaper."

Jim looked up at this for some appreciation of his work. His lips were shut and his nostrils dilated in a swelling pride at the recollections, and then as memory carried him on from that time to something that touched him deeper the lines of the face came down and the shadow of the evening crept into the manly eyes.

"Then her father thought she knowed enough but I knowed she didn't. I knowed she oughter to be sent to school. The nation was just startin' a seminary at Tallequah an' I got the ole man to let me take her there. I'd rather not say this, but the way I got him to do it was by payin' her expenses myself. I'd never had no sisters or brothers, an' I never expected to have no family, so I thought I'd do what I could for that little girl. It is twenty miles to Tallequah, and I used to drive her over there in the wagon an' go after her Christmas times an' vacations. When the school term was long once or twice I went up in the States an' rustled an' made a little extra, but I always come back in time to get her. I wished I could tell you how she grewed. How she got prettier every day an' how her face seemed to get brighter than the faces round about here as she learned and learned. She used to ask me questions about everything, about the States an' the people an' the towns. That was when she'd come home, and then sometimes at school she'd write me letters with questions in 'em, an' I sit up o' nights to answer 'em. Do you know, I kind-a got to longin' for them letters an' a-watchin' for 'em? Yes, sir."

Jim was thinking again. Once he got down from the platform to the track that ran by and kicked mechanically at the cinders that formed the ballast. Then he picked up a loose washer that was there, and like a boy, sailed it off into the field. But he couldn't shake off the heaviness of his mood.

"I don't know it happened, but when she was about twelve or thirteen she quit asking me questions about Boston an' New Orleans an' people, an' commenced to tell me things—history an' old stories. I remember one about a girl named Charlotte Corduroy, that killed a Frenchman in a bathtub. Did you ever hear that? Yes. Well I guessed you had, but there was lots of things like that, an' then—then—"

"What, Jim?"

"Then—I was trying to think how to tell it—but when I would try to tell her anything instead of looking interested like an' her brown eyes gettin' big, like they used to, I'd catch her laughin', quiet like, jest as if she'd read it so much better than I could tell her, an' every vacation she seemed so much bigger an' so different that I began to stand off like, an' once I went to call her name an' I called her Miss Bella, jest as if I'd never knowed her when she was a baby or carried her on my saddle when I went to bring in the cows, or anything like that."

"You called her Miss Bella?"

"Yes, an' ever since that, whenever I've forgot to say Miss, and its only been once, or twice, she kind o' smiles in her queer way an' lifts her eyebrows like a feller would if he was askin' you hadn't forgot something."

"Well, that shouldn't depress you Jim. That's

a way with all girls. There comes a time when they freeze their old friends and have to be called Miss."

"Oh, 'tain't that, sir! But I got to thinkin' about her, so that I couldn't work, an' when I'd take her back to school I felt like I wanted to kill any feller that looked at her. You see, sir, I was likin' her too much."

"I see, Jim."

"Well, last summer, I made up my mind I'd tell her about it an' I did. I asked her one night to go with me, an' we sauntered along the edge of that holler whear the timber is. The evenin' seemed so still that I could hear my heart beatin', and when one o' them meader larks whistled it sounded like the express to me. She would drop on her knees every now and then to pull some of the violets that grows over there, an' once she lafed and pinned some of them on to my shirt an' I wouldn't stand that. I took hole of her hands an' she jumped kind o' skeered like, but I held 'em and looked straight in her eyes an' told her. I told her that I loved her, an' that I'd try to make her happy all her life. I told her I'd loved her ever since she was a little girl and used to set her on my knee."

Jim put his face in his hand and seemed lost in the recollection, either of that evening or of the baby girl of whom he talked so tenderly.

"I tell you it was tough, sir. She said she used to like me once, but that since she'd been goin' to school her learnin' has made her dissatisfied with the Injun country an' the people here. She said if she married it would haf to be a man that had read a heap an' knew lots about books. She said her idear of a real man was an editor or some young feller that could write a newspaper. She said I was a good enough fellow in a saddle, and she liked me as a frien', but to be even that I must never mention the matter to her again. Then she walked straight back to the house. I watched her pass this depot on' them stones there an' go in the door, an' then I went down the holler. 'Tain't no use, sir; I've tried to brace up agin' it, but I can't, an' the folks can't see why I go down to Muskogee an' get full, an' wrastle with the deputy sheriff."

"Why don't you go away, Jim? Leave this quiet place—go up in the busy States. You can't forget her when she is daily in your sight."

"I'll tell you. She's home now on what they call the Easter vacation, an' she won't graduate till June. See?"

"Hardly."

"Why, she's set her heart on her education. She's learnin' Latin an' history an' all about the stars. She's got 'em all named. Well, it'd break her heart to quit now before June. Ef I was to go away the ole man wouldn't keep her in school a day longer. There's so many things to git. Her ma and me has planned to go to Kansas City to buy her a fine dress to graduate in an' all that kind of stuff. Why, I've got to stay till then, an' then—"

"And then?"

"Why, then I'm going with Forepaugh agin a drivin' stakes an' a travelin', travelin'."

"Jim, does she—does Miss Bella know you are doing this for her; that you are paying her tuition and providing her expenses?"

"Why, bless you, no, sir. She thinks the ole man is doin' it."—*Missouri Republican.*

Every One Ran.

Omaha Man—"Went to a spiritual seance down in Arizona, eh? Anything happen?"

Arizona Man—"Well, yes. The medium went into a trance, and then announced that he was the spirit of a man who had been murdered, and that the murderer sat in the audience."

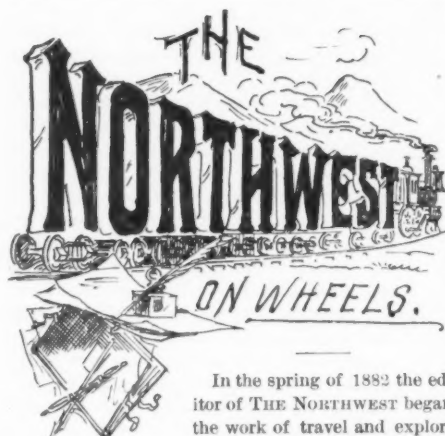
"Well, well. Did anybody run?"

"We all ran."—*Omaha World.*

Proficient in Geography.

Kentucky Teacher (of infant geography class)—"Tommy Blood may tell us what a straitis."

Tommy Blood: "It's just the plain stuff 'thout nothin' in it."—*Ex.*



In the spring of 1882 the editor of THE NORTHWEST began the work of travel and exploration in the country lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast which he has continued ever since. This region was then in large part a wilderness and in the settled portions was but thinly and recently inhabited. The settlers were in an enthusiastic mood, owing to the rapid progress of the Northern Pacific railroad, which, after going through a long period of depression and several years of total suspension of construction, was at that time being rapidly pushed to completion. Much of the writer's descriptive work in that and the following year was done for the *Century Magazine*, which displayed much liberality and enterprise in making known to its readers the nature and resources of the immense new regions being opened to travel and occupancy. The knowledge gained in those journeys was made the basis for the establishment of THE NORTHWEST, which issued its first number in New York in January, 1883 and was removed to St. Paul in May, 1884. A considerable part of the year 1884 was spent by the editor in new journeys on horseback, in wagons, in stage coaches and in skiffs and canoes, as well as by rail and steamboat, in the States and Territories embraced in the chosen field of observation.

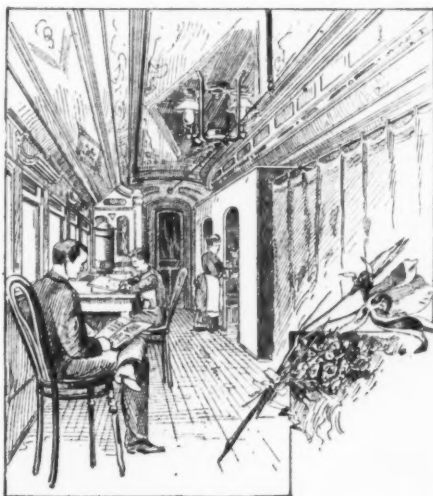
The year 1885 was a notable one in the history of the periodical. In April a freight train caboose was freshly painted and rudely furnished with bunks, tables and chairs, and in this jolting vehicle a three months tour was made, an artist, a stenographer and a business agent accompanying the editor. The white pennant of the little red caboose waved across the prairies of Dakota and the plains and mountains of Montana, along the margin of the great rivers of Oregon and on the shores of Puget Sound. The novelty of doing the editorial art and business work of an illustrated periodical on wheels attracted general attention and the people of all the towns where the caboose halted gave the party a hearty welcome.

In 1886 the caboose was superseded by an old passenger coach with the seats removed and the interior conveniently arranged for working and sleeping. It made a roomy and cool office and dormitory on wheels. Its color gained for it from some of the Montana newspapers the name of the "Yellow Streak." Like its predecessor it ran on passenger trains, freight trains and construction trains, and stopped at towns, ranches, mines and camps. Our car of 1887 was a counterpart of that of the previous year and had the same interior arrangement and fittings. Much new country was traversed on the line of the new road building over the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory, and the old ground of travel and work was gone over again. A second tour was made in August to Montana and a third one in the Fall through North Dakota.

Our principal expedition this year was begun in May and ended about the middle of July, most of the time being spent in Washington Territory. The return trip from Helena was made over the new railroad built through Northern Montana last year. The kindness of the Northern Pacific management and the obliging skill of the Master Mechanic at the Como shops furnished a car that is a model of convenience and adaptation for the work of the magazine. The

interior is divided by partitions into three main apartments. In the rear is the editorial and business office, which is also the general sitting room. In the center room are four curtained berths. The front room is the dining room, with a curtained recess for the servant's bed, and opening from it are a small kitchen, a pantry and a closet. The dining-room table makes a convenient drawing table for the artist between meal-times. Mr. Krause, the artist of the expedition, has pictured himself and the man of business, in this apartment, and has shown a family party in the observation room. Finally, and one of the important features of the equipment, is the large ice-box on the front platform, with capacity for holding a week's provisions.

To live six weeks in a car and be on the move much of the time is not as unmixed a pleasure as stay-at-home people, with rare opportunities for travel, might imagine. The noise and jar wear upon the nerves, and there are hot days and long stretches of dusty, uninteresting road. The feeling, too, of being "cribbed, cabined and confined" is often wearisome. Dean Swift described a ship as a prison with the added discomfort of the danger of being drowned. So a car might be described as a prison with the added discomfort of the risk of being wrecked by a rail-



INTERIOR NORTHWEST MAGAZINE CAR—FRONT SECTION.

way accident. Still, the sense of being cooped up in narrow quarters wears off in a few days. A home atmosphere soon attaches to a car when you eat and sleep in it and it is surprising how much can be made of its limited space when every article of domestic, personal and business use gets settled into the best place. Then there is a pleasant excitement about a daily change of environment both of scenes and persons. Sometimes a passing train would pick us up in the night and drop us before daylight, so that on awakening a new landscape met the eye—perhaps of a tall mountain, with flecks of snow on its summit, or of a swift river, bordered with willows and rose-bushes, or perhaps of the dusty street of a frontier town.

We liked best the halts in the small villages, for there was sure to be an outlook from the car-windows over green fields and a perfume of wild flowers in the air; whereas in the larger towns we were often sandwiched between freight cars in railroad yards smelling of grease and cinders. Every day brought new faces of friendly callers at the car, with offers of hospitality and useful information about the progress and resources of the country. Country drives were almost daily events and we came to count upon them as among the most agreeable episodes of the long journey, for rarely was our car sidetracked more than an hour or two, before some public-spirited gentleman would appear with a handsome team and a suggestion that perhaps some members of the party might like

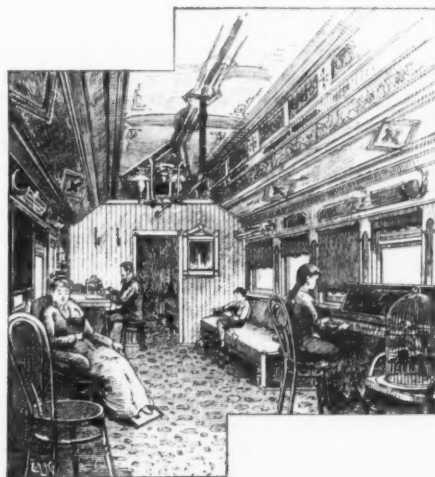
to take a look at the town and the neighboring country. The daily marketing expeditions for milk and fresh provisions afforded many interesting incidents. The duty of providing milk for the morning's coffee devolved upon the senior member of the party, and to the end of the trip it was still a debatable question whether unwatered milk was more likely to be had from a village milkman or from some poor woman in the suburbs who kept one cow. Unexpected discoveries in the way of eatables were important events and established the reputation of a place in the memories of the youngsters, such as the trout bought in one town, the cherries in another, the big strawberries in a third and the excellent bread in a fourth; nor will they soon forget the "pumpnickel" of the German baker in Tacoma, or the cake the landlord's wife in Pullman sent to the car with her compliments.

These youngsters rated a town mainly by the amount of fun they got from it. Very high on their list stood Uniontown, because a kind Swiss liveryman there taught them to ride Indian ponies and also North Yakima, because an ex-judge, who is a lover of children, placed his horse and cart at their service.

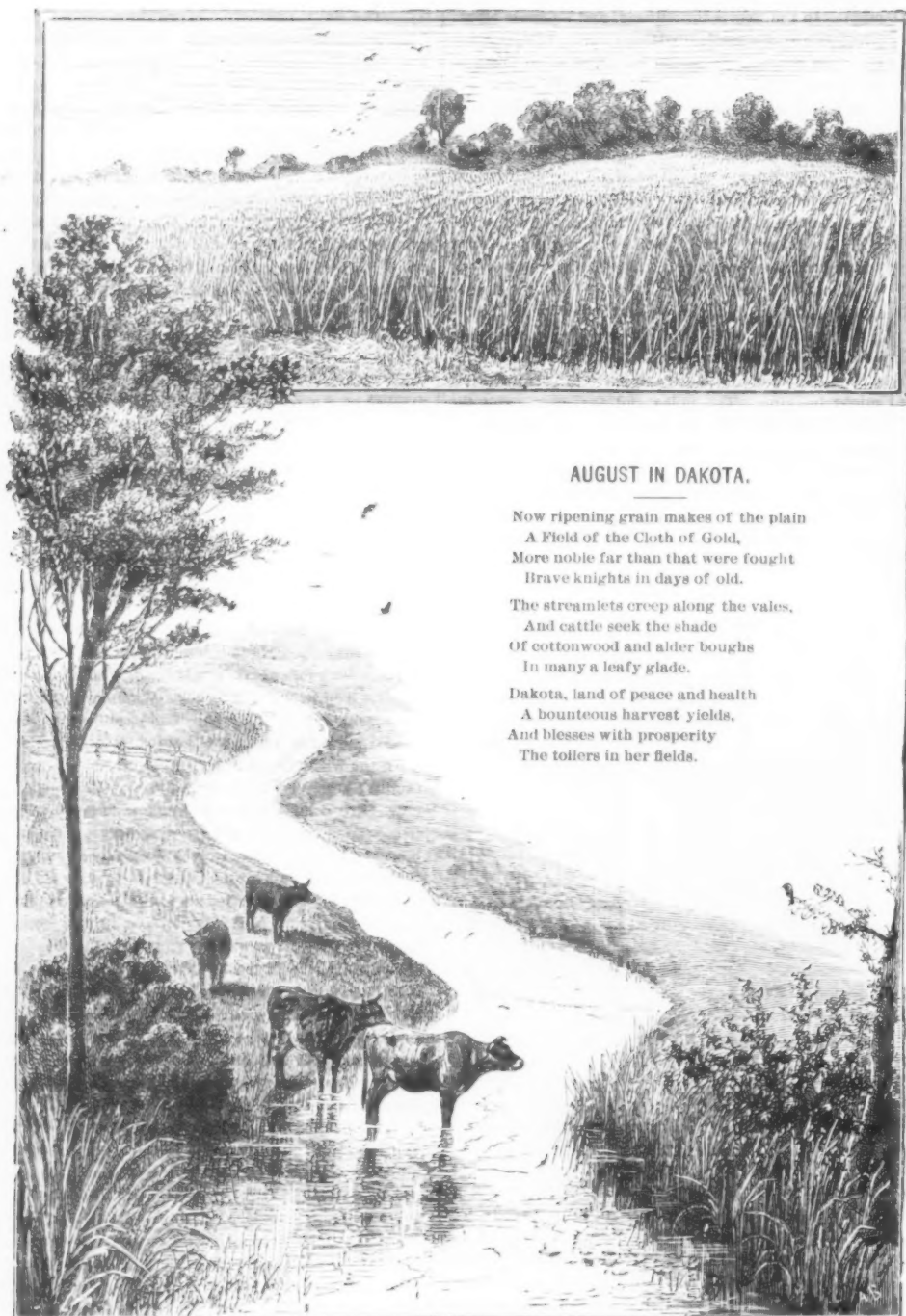
To the artist the journey was one of constant work, save when the car was in motion, and he was busy from morning to night, sketching towns, buildings, farm-scenes and landscapes and finishing his pictures by close, painstaking application with pen or brush; but he may have found some compensation in the interest he everywhere excited, for a man who only needs a lead pencil and a sheet of paper to make a good semblance of any object or scene is sure to be looked upon as a prodigy of genius in country places.

To the writer the country traversed was all old and familiar ground, with the exception of that along the new railroad in Northern Montana seen on the return trip. To see the friendly faces of old acquaintances, however, is a pleasure which never grows old, and there is always much that is new to note in a young and growing country, where a single year produces marked changes. New towns have sprung up, new stretches of virgin land have yielded to the plow, new lines of transportation have been opened, new mines have been developed—every landscape shows a change. The old towns have enlarged their boundaries and marked their progress by erecting such permanent monuments of trade and civilization as new business blocks, churches and school houses. Thus there is always much that is novel to interest the mind.

The journey embraced about two thousand miles of railway travel and perhaps a hundred by wagon in short excursions. In all twenty-six stops were made, the longest being four days at Portland and the shortest two hours, at Victor, in the Bitter Root Valley. The time actually spent in travel by rail was about ten days out of the forty that the whole tour occupied, from the departure of the party from St. Paul until their arrival home.



INTERIOR NORTHWEST MAGAZINE CAR—REAR SECTION.



AUGUST IN DAKOTA.

Now ripening grain makes of the plain
A Field of the Cloth of Gold,
More noble far than that were fought
Brave knights in days of old.

The streamlets creep along the vales,
And cattle seek the shade
Of cottonwood and alder boughs
In many a leafy glade.

Dakota, land of peace and health
A bounteous harvest yields,
And blesses with prosperity
The toilers in her fields.

Some Sightings on the Atlantic.

The Anchor liner Anchoria, recently arriving in New York after a quick run, reported as follows: "About 350 miles east of the American coast, and on the borders of the Gulf Stream, the vessel passed through phenomena which, although frequent on a small scale, are extremely rare on such maximum grandeur of scale as that which enraptured the observers on the Anchoria. After the vessel had been running over twenty-four hours in a dense fog the water around suddenly became so luminous that the mile-long shoals of small fish darting around the vessel seeking refuge from the sharks and other devouring enemies gave the sea the appearance of a vast cauldron of boiling jewels, while the furrows of foam from the great ship's bows rolled in such blazing masses of light violet flame as rendered the smallest thread in the ship's rigging as clearly visible as a bright sunshine, and enveloped the vessel in such a mass of dazzling light violet-colored glare that the engines had to be slowed a few hours until a storm of wind bursting out from the northwest cleared off

the fog and broke the whole visible surface of the ocean into flying crests of flame-like foam of such brilliancy that the whole ocean seemed ablaze with the fleeting, flashing flame, the whole horizon line having the appearance of an immense belt of light-blue fire. In short, the whole phenomenon was such a one as is rarely seen, the oldest and widest traveled seamen and officers never having seen anything at all to compare with it. This beautiful pyrotechnic display of nature lasted from 11 p. m. until 3:30 a. m., until lost in the eclipsing light of dawn."

Educated Corpuscles.

"The future of preventive medicine," said Professor Ray Lankester in the fascinating lecture which he delivered recently at the London Institution, "is the education of the white blood corpuscle." A corpuscle is a minute cell of protoplasm which floats in the human blood. This minute creature eats and lives and flourishes and dies almost like a human being. Its special function, said the lecturer, is to eat up the poisonous element which finds its way into

the blood. When a wound heals it is because these indefatigable corpuscles have found their way to the sore and have eaten away the injured part.

When bacteria get into the system the duty of the corpuscles is to go for them and eat them up. If they are out of appetite, or the bacteria too tough a morsel for them to attack, the patient dies. Sometimes, with unconscious heroism worthy of Marcus Curtius, they purify the bodies in which they live by eating up poisonous particles and then ejecting themselves, thus sacrificing their own lives. But such heroic self-immolation is not necessary if you educate your corpuscle. His education proceeds by inoculation. By accustoming your protoplasmic cell to a low diet of mildly poisonous matter, such as the vaccine lymph, it becomes acclimatized, as it were, and is strong enough to eat up without inconvenience the germs of small-pox, which would otherwise prove fatal. It is these invaluable corpuscles which enable confirmed arsenic eaters to swallow with impunity a dose sufficient to kill six ordinary men, and Professor Lankester is of opinion that they can be trained so as to digest the most virulent poisons and deal with a great number of diseases.

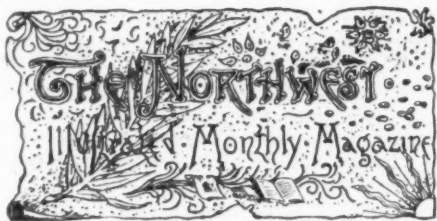
Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulge in alcoholic stimulants within the margin of actual drunkenness speak of themselves as "moderate drinkers," there are two classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other, except in the one solitary circumstance that they never at one time take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. The one class is that which only partake of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal time. To the latter habit is applied in this country the title of "nipping," while in the East it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of a harm of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without at the same partaking of food, though only imbibed in small quantities at a time, have a most deleterious effect on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy-and-soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whiskey and water in the course of the evening, does far more injury to his constitution than one who partakes of a large quantity of alcoholic stimulants at meal time.—Dr. Harley in *Popular Science Monthly*.

The Negro Improving in Looks.

The negro is changing in appearance and losing some of the birthmarks peculiar to the African race. The new generation is showing the effects of a higher culture. Especially is this noticeable in the towns where contact with the whites shows its effect. The flat-nosed, kinky-headed negro is passing away and becoming an unknown race. All the colored children, no matter how dusky in hue, show the change. Among the females long hair of that peculiar woolly appearance hangs in long braids or curls down their backs. Aquiline noses and smaller mouths with thinner lips are the rule. For years, and in fact ever since their freedom, the negroes have endeavored to do away with the short and kinky hair bestowed upon them by their ancestors. Much of their spare change is invested in various hair tonics and invigorators, and the long attention and care bestowed upon it is shown in their descendants. The South Georgia negro is an evidence of evolution, the survival of the fittest.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Old lady (to little boy caressing a dog)—"That is right, little boy. Always be kind to dumb animals."
Little boy—"Yes'm. I'll have a kittle hitched to his tail soon's I kin git him quiet."—*Boston Advertiser*.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, AUGUST, 1888.

CONDITION OF THE NORTHWEST.

Wisconsin is clearing her northern forests, building railroads through them, manufacturing a great deal of lumber, shipping an enormous quantity of iron ore from the Gogebic range and developing important commercial and manufacturing cities at Ashland and Superior.

Minnesota is growing in population and wealth, as is best attested by the remarkable advance made during the past year by her two chief cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Her lake port of Duluth is enjoying an active building season. Railway construction in the State is not as extensive as last year.

Dakota is quiet, but is steadily gaining ground. A large wheat crop seems now assured and this will no doubt stimulate a fresh immigration movement. Railway building consists of the completion of a few short links and branches of the main systems operating in the Territory. The towns are doing well in an undemonstrative fashion and are waiting hopefully for the next general forward movement.

Manitoba is very cheerful, because of its release from the exclusive control of a single railway corporation. She is building new roads and is once more getting a share of the emigration from the older provinces of Canada.

Montana is steadily increasing her output of the precious metals, is opening new coal fields, developing new lumber industries, repairing her cattle losses from the severe winter of 1886-7, and filling up her fertile valleys with farmers. This great Territory appears to be on the eve of a powerful forward movement, such as Colorado experienced about ten years ago. She has much greater resources than Colorado and will ultimately lead that State in population.

The farming regions of Idaho are all prosperous and are receiving a considerable influx of settlers. The mining region of the Coeur d'Alene is steadily developing its great wealth of precious metals. With its new railway facilities this region is making rapid strides, and is attracting the attention and the money of capitalists. It is fast becoming populous and wealthy.

Washington is the favorite field for immigration this season on account of its varied and extensive undeveloped resources, its mild, agreeable climate and its excellent situation for commerce both by sea and rail. The movement of home-seekers has been large and constant and is still going on without abatement. About two-thirds of the new comers are from the East

and about one-third from California. The latter element consists in part of old Californians who have sold out to new people and in part of late emigrants from the East to California who have not found in the Golden State the favorable opportunities they expected to find and who soon discover satisfactory openings in Washington. Many new towns are springing up in the Territory and the old towns are making rapid progress. Railway building is active and labor is in demand.

Oregon is receiving a good deal of benefit from the completion of the railroad to California. A throng of people returning from California to the East constantly passes over this road and many of these people have their eyes open to see what resources the State has to offer for new settlement and investment. Oregon is steadily gaining population, from this source and is also benefitted by the new activity of the Board of Immigration, which is distributing a large amount of literature, paying for the same with money voluntarily contributed in Portland.

A YEAR'S GROWTH IN THE DUAL METROPOLIS OF THE NORTHWEST.

The annual directories of the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis have just been published and they make a remarkable exhibit of growth for the dual metropolis of the Northwest. Not less than 50,000 has been added to the combined population of the two cities during the year ending in May last, when the directory census was taken, and the increase is very evenly divided between them. The St. Paul directory contains 74,500 names; the Minneapolis directory 74,350. Using the very conservative multiplier of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to convert directory names into actual population, we have as the result, a population of 186,250 in St. Paul and of 185,875 in Minneapolis. These figures are so nearly identical that the size of these wonderful twins may fairly be said to be the same. One is as big as the other, and neither has the right to boast of any superiority in stature.

The immediate suburbs of Minneapolis, with one exception, are all included in the municipal limits of that city, but those of St. Paul are not. North St. Paul, South St. Paul and St. Paul Park are separate municipalities. Allowing 5,000 for the population of these suburbs and 1,000 for that of the northern suburb of Minneapolis, we have a grand aggregate for the chief center of population in the Northwest of 378,125 people. Before the end of 1888 it will undoubtedly reach 400,000.

The best feature of this striking growth is that it is based upon the steady development of a region necessarily tributary to the Twin Cities and in which no rival trade center is springing up; and further, that this region is still but scantily peopled and is only in the infancy of its development. The trade of St. Paul and Minneapolis extends 1,000 miles westward, to the Rocky Mountains, through a territory absolutely and undisputedly their own, and goes 1,000 miles further to the Pacific Coast, in a region where San Francisco and Portland houses are sharp competitors. The territory which the Twin Cities can claim as their own will support at least five times its present population without being at all crowded. With its further growth St. Paul and Minneapolis must necessarily grow. The ratio of its increase of population will be the ratio of theirs. This is their strong and solid hope for the future. Chicago's tributary territory, on the contrary, is no longer a new country, and now contains very little unoccupied land. Population in that territory will increase, but not nearly so fast as in Minnesota, Dakota, Manitoba and Montana, and in the attractive regions on the North Pacific Coast. Besides, there are no large cities west of us to cut off our trade, as Kansas City and Omaha cut off that of Chicago. Our situation is impregnable and our prospects are exceedingly encouraging.

For the information of Eastern readers, who may not know the exact relative position of the two cities, let us add that their municipal boundaries are contiguous, that the distance between their business centers is only ten miles, that the territory between their

thickly built districts is already occupied by a number of manufacturing and residence suburbs and is all platted in streets and lots and that in a few years there will be no unbuilt belt of separation that can be perceived in going from one city to the other. Some form of union, either partial or complete, for these vigorous neighbors and twins, will no doubt come about in the not remote future. They are destined to have a million of inhabitants before the close of another century.

COULDN'T FIND LAND.

This paragraph was published by *The Oregonian* a considerable time ago:

You of the East who are bawling "land monopoly," just look this way. Here are millions of acres you can have just for the trouble of coming to get them. Come right along. No sense in squatting down in the Eastern cities and yelling "land monopoly." Come out here and become "monopolists" yourselves. (Henry George's paper please copy.)

One William McCabe, taking this for a text writes a letter to Henry George's paper, under the inquiry, "Where Are Those Acres?" He professes to have been in Oregon twice—the first time nineteen years ago, the second time ten years ago; yet he couldn't find any of those acres, and now he wants to know where they are.

"Are they," he asks, "anywhere near Portland? Anywhere near East Portland? Anywhere in the counties back of Portland? Anywhere in the Willamette Valley? Anywhere along the upper Columbia River, east of the Cascade Mountains, in the Walla Walla Country, or at Puget Sound?" Mr. McCabe says he didn't find land for the settler in any of these localities, and renews the inquiry. "Where are those acres that can be had just for the trouble of coming to get them?"

By some it may be regarded as amazing that any one should make such inquiries; but the fact should excite no wonder at all. Mr. McCabe is one of those who look for a thing hoping never to find it. If he traveled over any considerable part of Oregon and Washington nineteen years ago, or ten years ago, he ran over millions of acres that could be had for the taking. But no doubt he kept in the towns and cities, where the land was "taken up" some time before he came.

In Oregon and Washington, since he first came nineteen years ago, 300,000 people have found homes, and there is land for 3,000,000 more. Here, in a country of nearly two hundred thousand square miles, there are now less than half a million people, and there are vast areas remaining where there is not one settler within fifty miles of another. Land, however, cannot be had for the taking right adjoining the cities of Portland, Seattle or Walla Walla; but since Mr. McCabe came to this country and couldn't find land, cities like Tacoma, Spokane Falls and many smaller, have been built on land that was then unoccupied, and that he might have had as easily as any one else. Ten to twenty years hence other like cities will have been built on lands which men of Mr. McCabe's sort can't find now, and never will find.—*Portland Oregonian*.

We might add to what the *Oregonian* has so well said, that Mr. McCabe and other bawlers about "land monopoly" need not go as far as Oregon or Washington to find plenty of free land which can be had for the taking. Dakota offers millions of acres of fertile prairie, all ready for the plow, and lying within twenty-four hours' travel from the great cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This land is not to be found in the suburbs of Fargo, or Grand Forks, or Jamestown, but much of it is within sight of railroads and within a few miles of stations. Nobody is monopolizing it. It belongs to Uncle Sam, who is ready to parcel it out in tracts of 160 acres as a free gift to any and all who will occupy and cultivate it. We suspect that Mr. McCabe belongs to a class of men who could not make a living on land if it were all fenced and cultivated, because they are too lazy to work. Such men can be found by the hundred any day in the large cities, holding down chairs in beer saloons and railing at capitalists and land monopolists. Their real grievance is that nobody will pay them good salaries for working their jaws.

A SURE SIGN OF PROGRESS.

This remarkable increase in the earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad furnishes a certain indication of the rapid growth and general prosperity of the vast regions in the new Northwest traversed by this great transcontinental line and its numerous branches. A recent telegram from New York states that the gross earnings of the road for the fiscal year ending June 30th foot up \$15,923,619, a gain of \$3,036,170 over the previous year. It is believed that this is the

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largest increase reported by any company in the country this year. The company will have a surplus of half a million after paying operating expenses and fixed charges. The third mortgage bonds, issued at below ninety, have already appreciated five per cent. and are very likely soon to go to par. The total interest bearing debt of the company is \$81,608,500. The land sales are contributing handsomely towards the reduction of the funded debt. For eleven months the total receipts were \$926,565 in cash and \$285,258 in preferred stock. The deferred payments on part of the land sales on May 31 were \$4,267,535, of which \$1,037,640 was applicable to the retirement of the preferred stock, and the remainder to the payment of the divisional and general and first mortgage bonds. The purchases of bonds for the sinking fund amount to nearly two per cent on the principal.

The great gain in Northern Pacific earnings has been made from no special or temporary source but from the general increase of traffic all along the line resulting from the steady settlement and business development of the whole belt of tributary country. Efficient management and intelligent, persistent efforts to attract settlers and business enterprises have had much to do in producing the very satisfactory showing which the Northern Pacific is able to make to its stockholders.



A small volume called *Allen & Ginter's Flags of All Nations*, issued as a premium by the well-known Richmond cigarette firm, merits notice as an unusually artistic and beautiful example of printing in colors. The cigarette smoker who returns 100 tickets, one of which is packed in each box, gets the book from G. S. Hammond, 338 Jackson St., St. Paul. To other people the price is \$1.50.

From L. Schick, a Chicago publisher of both German and American books, we have received a *Dictionary of the English and Volapuk Languages* by John Relye, which comes out in good time to help the many students of the new scientific tongue. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Mr. Schick also publishes a grammar of Volapuk in both German and English editions, at the price of 30 cents each.

A new American operetta entitled *Nanina, or the Isle of Roses*, has been composed by Richard Goerdeler who has written many popular songs and will now for the first time appear in the wider field of operatic composition. He will be remembered in the Northwest by many acquaintances made when he went from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast in 1882—a somewhat wild and adventurous journey in those days.

A Hard-Won Victory is the title of a new novel by Grace Denio Litchfield, an American fiction writer who has made for herself a recognized place in literature during the past few years. It is a pure and pleasing love story with a happy ending and is nearly all told in conversations. In fact Miss Litchfield's special talent is for fluent and vivacious dialogue. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 75 cents.

A Social Conspiracy, or Under the Ban is the title of a little book which is making something of a sensation in St. Paul just now. Under the thin disguise of changed names the book espouses one side of a famous local social controversy, involving a prominent public man and his wife, who figure as the leading characters in the story. The public man, after serving as Governor of his State, is sent to the United States Senate. His wife is shut out of society at home, for reasons which the story professes to narrate, but takes a leading position in the official social life of Washington by right of her own beauty and of her husband's talents and high place in the Government.

The book has little excuse of literary merit to palliate its offence against good taste in making the domestic affairs of well-known people the theme of a so-called sensational romance. Perhaps the best criticism upon it in few words would be the reply of Lincoln, who was asked by a preacher to read a controversial religious work he had written, and who said, on handing back the volume—"I should think that sort of thing would be liked by the sort of people who like it." The authorship of *A Social Conspiracy* is concealed under the nom de plume of Veen Iogo. Published by Geo. C. Pound, St. Paul; price \$1 in cloth and 50 cents in paper covers.

Ticknor & Co., Boston have brought out Howells' best novel, the *Rise of Silas Lapham*, as one of their paper series. Howells is much criticised of late for the realism of his stories. He is called a photographer in literature, not an artist. His critics admit, however, that his photographs are wonderfully clear, that he gets people in the right focus and that he knows how to group and pose them effectively. Silas Lapham is one of the most strongly individualized characters to be found in the whole range of modern fiction. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 50 cents.

Several years ago, when Gen. Lew Wallace was Governor of New Mexico, many entertaining and thoughtful descriptive articles about that peculiar Territory and its curious mixed population of Spanish, Indian and American blood were written by his wife, Susan E. Wallace, and published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Tribune* and the *Independent*. These articles have now been gathered in a volume. They are just as fresh and readable as when they first appeared in print, for New Mexico is one of the sleepest lands upon the face of the earth and does not change noticeably in a century. The volume, entitled *The Land of the Pueblos*, is very pleasant reading. Mrs. Wallace writes with much grace and vivacity of style, and nothing that is interesting escapes her. Most of her readers will be surprised to learn how much of quaintness, romance and picturesqueness there is to be found in the traditions and life of the Pueblo Indians and of the degenerate Spanish element which has in part supplanted them. The book is illustrated with twelve engravings. Published by John B. Alden, New York, and sent by mail for \$1.00.

The latest contribution to the Shakesperean controversy, and one of the most sensible and interesting, is a volume entitled *Shakespeare portrayed by Himself*, of which Robert Waters is the author. Mr. Waters thinks he has discovered in the character of Prince Henry a close and intentional portrayal of Shakespeare's own personality, tastes and associations. This character is a prominent figure in three of the plays and is referred to in a fourth but not brought upon the stage. "Let the reader," he says, "familiar with Shakespeare, call to mind his impression of the character of Prince Henry, as delineated in the First and Second Part of *Henry IV.*; let him think of him as he showed himself in his wit-combats with Falstaff; in his thoughtful yet sarcastic encounters with Poins; in his kindly demeanor toward Mrs. Quickly and her "loggerheads;" in his good-natured and fun-loving pranks with the tapster Francis; in his ready appreciation and kindly recognition of Falstaff's witty page; in his noble behavior toward his father and his brothers, and in his generous conduct over the defeated and dying Hotspur;—let him remember the vein of philosophy and deep thinking that runs through all his talk, notwithstanding its looseness, and his eloquent and poetic utterances in his interviews with his father; let him call to mind his familiarity with the common people, with Tom, Dick and Francis, and his ability to "drink with any tinker in his own language during his life;" his love of punning and witticisms, his quips, cranks, and quiddities; let him recall all these things, and he cannot fail to perceive that this character is such as he and all the world have ever associated with that of the gentle,

wise and large-hearted poet Shakespeare. Let him follow me a little farther, and I shall lay before him matter which, without the aid of riddles, ciphers, or mysteries of any kind, must convince him, almost beyond doubt, that the Prince and the Poet are one and the same person."

The concluding chapters of the book are devoted to a very effective assault upon Ignatius Donnelly's strained and absurd Baconian cipher theory. Published by Worthington Company, New York and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.25.

The Unity of the Truth, in Christianity and Evolution; by J. Max Hark, D. D., is a volume of 288 pages, published by John B. Alden, New York, and sent by mail for 90 cents. Dr. Hark is one of the most liberal and progressive thinkers to be found in the orthodox pulpit. He is a Moravian preacher, who lives at Lancaster, Penn. In this volume his effort is, not to twist science into apparent conformity with old theological beliefs or to stretch biblical texts into a semblance of agreement with science, but to elevate the Christianity of the day to the plane of the new philosophy which evolution demonstrates to be true. His breadth and independence of view may be apprehended from the following extracts:

The prevalent restlessness in theology, and perturbation of men's religion, are mainly caused, directly or indirectly, by the modification Evolution has made in the popular conception of God. It has shown him to be in many respects different from the representation that had become traditional. Hence there has to be a readjustment of all our beliefs and practices in so far as they relate to God. This is now going on in this religious world, to the alarm of many, and the harm of some, perhaps, but surely only to the permanent benefit of the true religion. Thus the divine truth has ever grown in the past. With every new and higher conception of God there has been a new co-ordination of dogmas and practices to bring them into some kind of harmony with it. * * *

It is plain, therefore, that so long as the God of Heine's childhood is retained in the popular representation, a benignant old man looking down upon his terrestrial creation from some window in the far-off celestial domain; or the God of the Duke of Argyll, moved by "mental affections," a being "who hates evil and is angry with the wicked every day;" or a dread Lawgiver issuing his decrees from his great white throne; so long as God is thought of as a Being with all the limitations implied in human personality, in parts and attributes such as man has, only greater; so long our religion must be not only imperfect and partial, but erroneous and inconsistent to an unwarrantable extent. I know that such wrong conceptions are not taught in the Scriptures if spiritually interpreted. I know that theology no longer teaches them. And even in the popular belief they are more and more being abandoned. But I know also with equal positiveness that just such conceptions are yet taught in more than half the pulpits of our land; that in by far the most of our Sunday-schools our children are indoctrinated with them; and that they are the ideas that still dominate the current popular religion, and make that religion so largely to consist of a mere dead formalism, or cold intellectualism, or still worse, of actually irreligious superstition. * * *

The heathen idea that worship is intended to change the attitude of God toward the worshipper is still all too prevalent. The necessity of correspondence between the human and the divine is indeed felt; but it is sought to be effected by bringing God into conformity with man! The bulk of the devotees in our churches, taking literally such expressions as "pleasing, propitiating, glorifying God," actually imagine that their songs of praise—especially if artistically rendered by a professional choir!—cause pleasurable sensations in the consciousness of the Deity, in return for which they will be made the recipients of special favors from him. They fancy that their eloquent petitions—whether intoned by a deep sonorous voice that brings out the rythmical beauty of a symmetrical litany, or shouted in hoarse tones from the stentorian throat of a class-leader,—will touch the feelings of God, and move him to do what otherwise he would not have done,—which in one sense is not without truth, but not in their sense. They believe that their presence in the church edifice,—whether it be a Gothic pile of white marble, or a cabin of rough-hewn logs,—will change God's sentiments, thoughts, and conduct towards them. With this in view they engage in these devotions. They are thoroughly sincere, the most of them. They really love their idea of God, therefore they wish to please him and to contribute to his glory. They feel their dependence upon him deeply, hence their efforts to propitiate and conciliate him. But they know him so imperfectly that they only succeed in degrading him, and in causing offence and disgust to those more spiritually minded. The comparative emptiness of our churches is not a sign of indifference to religion; but a protest of the reverent intelligence of men against its abuse and misapplication.

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Correspondence solicited.

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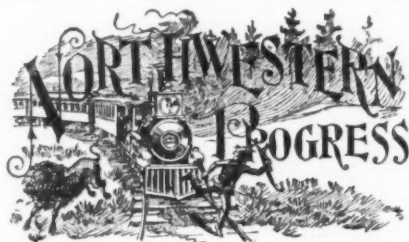
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Address E. E. MARTIN, Principal.



Minnesota.

A LARGE saw-mill is to be built at Little Falls, using water power from the new dam. Local business men are starting the enterprise. There is no better point in Minnesota than this for lumber making on a large scale.

LITTLE FALLS is talking of changing its name to Falls City. The old name is inappropriate. The fall of the Mississippi River at that point is not a little one. On the contrary it is big enough to produce one of the most important water powers in the United States.

Dakota.

THE total yield of wheat in Dakota last year was estimated at 52,000,000 bushels. From present indications it will reach 60,000,000 bushels this year. A big crop will start a fresh immigration movement to Dakota.

WITH a prospect for a good crop and the prediction by conservative dealers that the price will be high in the fall, Dakota is attracting more attention than ever in Europe and the East. Immigration documents should be distributed liberally and the facts regarding the great Territory should be kept constantly before the people of the exhausted Eastern agricultural districts.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

NO MORE DROUGHTS IN DAKOTA.—The drought question has been the great drawback to North Dakota ever since the first settler turned the verdant sod on its boundless prairies. It would now seem that this impediment to immigration is surely for ever removed. The past five or six years' crops have averaged better here than in any State in the Union, and the succession of heavy rains in June which have thoroughly soaked the ground and filled all the coulees with water, lends to the enchantment of this magnificent Territory.—*New Rockford Transcript*.

DAKOTA LEADS.—The Territory of Dakota now stands at the head of wheat production, and will soon take high rank in breeding fine stock. Indeed it does now. Its climate is in no sense a terror. It is true that the winters are cold. But so they are in Chicago, and the frequently made statement that the severest cold of Dakota is not felt as the severe cold of Chicago is, is true, and is true because the atmosphere is dryer. We saw stock in Dakota that had come through the winter with a pretence of shelter that would not answer in the latitude of Chicago at all, and the stock looked as well as any stock could look. The effects of blizzards and cyclones we did not find. Indeed the first impressions that one will get from the general appearance of things and from the testimony of both interested and disinterested people is that a Dakota blizzard is a thousand per cent. worse in the newspapers than it is in Dakota. That the climate is one of the most health-giving there is abundant evidence. The people are robust and strong, and some of them have become so after having come to the Territory as invalids.—*Western Rural*.

Montana.

TIMBERLINE is now a busy coal mining camp. Nearly 100 men are employed. Bozeman, the nearest large town, profits by this new activity at the mines.

FORT BENTON has just completed the largest wool warehouse in Montana. The walls are solid masonry, two feet at the base and eighteen inches thick at the top.

The building of the North Fork branch of the Sun River Canal is now an assured fact, says the *Rising Sun*. The contract for building twenty miles of this great irrigation canal has just been let and work is to be begun at once. This, together with the four miles already completed, will bring water down as far as Flower's lower ranch for the Spring Creek corral. Additional contracts will be let soon. This is probably the greatest irrigating scheme in America east of the Rocky Mountains.

THE TONGUE RIVER DITCH.—An event of much importance to Tongue River valley and vicinity was the recent opening of a section of the Miles City Irrigating & Ditch Company's canal. A dam has been constructed across the river which is 330 feet from abutment to abutment, forty feet wide at the base, with a fall of eight feet from the crest to the apron. The abutment on the west side of the stream is 340 feet long, on the east side sixty feet. Passing through a substantially constructed gateway the waters enter a ditch which, when completed,

will be twenty-six miles long, and bring under cultivation 20,000 acres of as productive soil as can be found in Manitoba. The cost of the ditch, dam, etc., when ready for operation, is estimated at over \$100,000.

THE Northern Pacific is now operated in three grand divisions instead of two, as formerly. Under the old arrangement the dividing point between the Eastern and Western divisions was at Helena, the headquarters of the former being at St. Paul and of the latter at Tacoma. The new arrangement makes a Middle Grand Division, embracing the main line from Billings to Missoula and all the branches diverging from it. Headquarters are at Helena and Robert Law is the Assistant General Manager. Included in this Grand Division are 512 miles of main line track and 190 miles of branch roads.

IS MONTANA'S CLIMATE CHANGING?—The question now naturally arises: Is the climate of Montana changing, or are the frequent rain showers of this season simply the result of local causes which temporarily exist? Never before in the history of this country can the oldest inhabitant remember of so much rain. The rain has kept the ground soaked, and the water in the irrigating ditches has been allowed to run its course unused. It's a big thing for the farmers, and the only regret they have to offer is that they did not know that such a condition of things was likely to occur.—*Bozeman Chronicle*.

MONTANA'S MINERAL OUTPUT.—We have received from Spruille Braden, the United States Assayer at Helena, the following statement of the precious metal output of Montana for 1887:

County.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Beaverhead.....	\$89,115.47	\$867,387.51	\$956,502.98
Choteau.....	22,771.77	22,771.77
Deer Lodge.....	423,526.06	5,040,947.74	5,464,473.80
Fergus.....	85,330.06	85,330.06
Jefferson.....	386,928.37	1,844,962.42	1,791,890.79
Gallatin.....	10,229.82	10,229.82
Lewis and Clarke.....	2,286,834.22	1,412,766.79	3,699,601.01
Madison.....	1,518,148.26	785.61	1,518,933.87
Meagher.....	81,523.26	25,858.00	107,381.26
Missoula.....	64,234.01	77,574.00	141,808.01
Park.....	4,013.48	4,013.48
Silver Bow.....	986,881.50	8,967,266.88	9,954,148.38
	\$5,978,536.28	\$17,817,548.05	\$23,796,084.33

THE SWEET GRASS HILLS.—News of the rich discoveries of copper ore in the Sweet Grass continues to come in. Previous to the opening of the Reservation a few miners quietly worked for several summers placer mining, but owing to the mines being on the Indian Reservation they made no effort to develop the quartz veins or even ascertain their character or extent, knowing full well that they could get no title to any discovery they might make. With the opening of the Reservation a new state of affairs came around. The placers were in a measure neglected and the hunt for quartz was inaugurated. The results have been greater than the most sanguine of the miners anticipated, and there seems to be no longer a doubt as to the value of the quartz mines of the Sweet Grass. The Hills are situated a little west of north of Fort Benton, just south of the Canadian line, and distant in an air line about eighty-five miles. They are almost on the direct line of the Galt Railroad from Lethbridge to Benton.—*Helena Independent*.

Idaho.

A NEW discovery of placer mines in the vicinity of Pierce City is reported. There are about 100 men in the camp and more are going in daily.

NEGOTIATIONS are on foot for the transfer of the Corbin system of rail and lake transportation in the Cœur d'Alene mining district to the Northern Pacific Company. The N. P. proposes to convert the narrow-gauge road into a standard gauge line and to build it down the river from the Mission and around the lake to a connection with its branch at Cœur d'Alene City. This movement is greatly in the interest of the further development of the mining resources of the entire Cœur d'Alene Country.

Washington.

THE Port Blakely Mill Company has sold its logging road and entire camp outfit west of Olympia to the Olympia, Black Lake & Chehalis Railroad Company for \$30,000.

SEATTLE is to have a dry dock and a paper mill, which will be located between Lake Union and Salmon Bay—which forms the key to the outlets of lakes Union and Washington.

G. W. HUNT, who is building the Oregon & Washington Territory Railroad from Wallula to Walla Walla, via Eureka Flats, said recently that he will have the road into Walla Walla by September.

A STRAWBERRY nine inches in circumference, a product of the farm of Horace Hutchinson, in Kittitas Valley, was exhibited at the *Capital* office this week. This beats the strawberry record for Washington Territory for the year 1888, and shows what this rich section can do in the way

of small fruits. There is no telling to what size strawberries would attain in this country if horticulturists would just encourage them a little.—*Ellensburg Capital*.

FROM the business-like appearance of the Big Bend Empire, a new newspaper published at the town of Waterville, we judge that there must be a large immigration this season into the extreme northwest portion of the Big Bend Country.

A WONDERFUL PEAR TREE.—On Dr. Higbee's land, near Gig Harbor, a party of visitors from Tacoma on Sunday cut from a twelve-year-old pear tree a branch four feet long, on which were 131 pears. The thickest portion of the branch was only a inch in diameter. The party also counted the pears on the tree, and they numbered 13,300. The branch was shipped to some friends in the East.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

THE LARGEST AMERICAN SHIP.—The four-masted ship, Frederick Billings, discharging ballast at West Seattle, and under charter to load coal here for San Francisco, is the largest sailing vessel afloat carrying the American flag, and is the seventh four-masted vessel that has ever entered the waters of Puget Sound. It is estimated she will carry 4,400 tons of coal. There are two other four-masted ships on the sound at present, the Ellipsoid at Port Gamble, and the Bandanderra at Port Discovery. The latter two vessels are British iron ships, and loading lumber for Australia.—*Seattle Post*.

THE Tacoma, Orting & Southern Railroad Company has filed articles of incorporation. This is the railroad designed to penetrate the lumber district of the Griggs-Hewitt Company. The road will leave the Northern Pacific at or near Orting, and build southeastwardly into the mountains, with branches, sidetracks, depots, wharfs, etc., as the company sees fit. The capital stock is \$200,000, in shares of \$100 each, and the life of the corporation is fixed at fifty years. The trustees for the first six months are: Thos. F. Oakes, of St. Paul, and Jas. M. Buckley, Chauncey W. Griggs, Henry Hewitt, Jr., and George Brown, all of Tacoma.

TO THE OKANOGAN MINES.—The Tacoma, Ellensburg & Conconully Railway & Navigation Company have opened their line. Until completion of railroad the line is by stage from Ellensburg to Port Eaton, thirty-two miles, by steamer from Port Eaton to the mouth of the Conconully Creek, by stage from the mouth of the Conconully Creek to Ruby and Conconully. The company has built two powerful steamers, the Thos. L. Nixon, 400 tons, and the City of Ellensburg, 200 tons, to run in this trade. These steamers land at Moses Coulee, Wenatchee, Orondo, (the distributing point for Douglas County), Lake Chelan, Methow, and the mouth of the Okanogan River.

PROSPERITY OF PORT TOWNSEND.—Our neighboring city of Port Townsend is just now enjoying an especially active and progressive season. Every boat brings her new people. Her shipping interest is growing with the development of commerce on the sound. Her local trade organization is increasing, an important fishery interest is springing up, and as a result of all these movements there is marked appreciation in land values. Port Townsend has had a long and hard "fight" with fortune, but her prospects are now very bright and she is clearly destined to become a fine city. Among the points of promise to which her people point with satisfaction, the following are the most notable: (1) A subsidy of about 2,000 acres of land in and about the city has been subscribed to secure a railroad connection. Surveys west of Hood's Canal are to be begun within the next few days. Negotiations are in progress which, so we are assured by reliable men, promise construction of the desired road at an early date. (2) Recent discoveries of coal and iron within a short distance of Port Townsend and immediately tributary to it, insure the future of the city as a coal and iron center. In this respect an important beginning has been made by the Puget Sound Iron Company, at Irondale. This company has already expended a large sum of money. Their furnaces will soon be in operation, and it is said that by August 1st they will be employing seven hundred men. (3) As a port Port Townsend is doing a very important business, and it has doubled in twelve months. More ships enter and clear than at any other American port, New York alone excepted.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer*.

Manitoba.

A WINNIPEG, MAN., dispatch states that the N. P. Company is arranging with the local government to build a system of branch railways in the Province of Manitoba. According to the dispatch the Government will give bonds of the Province to the extent of \$6,400 per mile, and will retain a lien upon the road until the bonds are redeemed. It is definitely understood that the Northern Pacific has secured the contract from the Government to build a road from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, a distance of sixty-seven miles, where it will connect with the Manitoba & Northwestern Railroad, and running in connection with the Red River Valley road, will have a complete system of railway competition with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

ST. PAUL ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Special Rates to Excursion Parties. One block from
Union Depot and Steamboat Landing:

TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000
Tons of Coal shipped in 1883.....	50,300
Tons of Coal shipped in 1887.....	212,969
Bales of Hops shipped in 1880.....	7,005
Bales of Hops shipped in 1887.....	18,000
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136
Miles of Railway tributary in 1887.....	2,375
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30
Feet of Lumber exported in 1887, over.....	63,000,000

The Methodist University for Puget Sound has been located at Tacoma, with a bonus given by the citizens of \$75,000. In the above valuation of school property the Methodist University is not included.

Population in 1888, 15,000.

Banks in 1880.....	1
Banks in 1888.....	5
Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Value of Public School Property.....	\$94,000
Value of Private School Property.....	\$105,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	\$90,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	\$250,000

Tacoma is the natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon are aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

Tacoma now shows more healthy and rapid growth than any other point in the Northwest, and is the best location for Manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written informatinn will be furnished on application to

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General Manager of the Tacoma Land Company,

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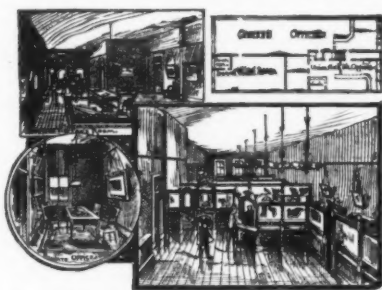
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References: Hon. J. N. Dolph, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Eugene Semple, Governor Washington Territory; F. T. Olds, capitalist, Tacoma, W. T.

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A REVERIE.

I love a spot where branches droop
To kiss a rippling stream below,
A stream that flows 'twixt sandy banks
So much like banks of drifted snow.

A stream that trails the seeping moss
Or bathes bright views of virgin gold,
A brook I wean, that's seen wierd sights
Which yet to us remain untold.

A stream that hums a mournful song
Of former days and Indian men,
The thoughts of once a savage earth
The murmur brings to me again.

Before a white man e'er had viewed
Our forests dense, our rugged land,
Midst sylvan scenes and dismal haunts
In such a world I seem to stand.

FRANKLIN HERBY.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

SHE CONCLUDED TO LIVE.

"J-John, d-dear," she sobbed, "d-did you ever think how near death is to us all? Wh-what would you ever d-do, dear J-John, if I should d-d-die?"

"Well," said John, musingly, "I don't know as I had ever thought of it before, my dear, but now you speak of it, my first impression is that I should bury you."—*Louisville Journal.*

LUCKY LITTLE BOYS.

The minister sought to improve the time by giving Bobby a lesson in morality.

"My boy, I have lived forty-five years and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor swore, nor played hooky, nor—"

"Have you got any little boys?" interrupted Bobby.

"No; I have never had any little boys."

"Well, it's mighty lucky for the boys," said Bobby.—*The Wasp.*

SHE WAS ONLY A LITTLE COLD.

They were riding together in the moonlight and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver.

"Are you cold, Miss Hattie?" he asked anxiously. "I will put my coat around you if you like."

"Well, yes," said she shyly, with another little shiver; "I am a little cold, I confess, but you needn't put your entire coat around me. One of the sleeves will do."—*St. Paul Herald.*

TAKING CARE OF HIS BABY SISTER.

"Yes, our little four-year-old is just a comfort, and such a help to me," said Mrs. Eastside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his little baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room now playing with little Dorothy. (Raises her voice—) 'Walter.'"

"Yeth, mamma."

"You are taking good care of little sister?"

"Yeth, mamma."

"What are you doing, Walter?"

"Oh, I'se dea playin' at I'ae a barber, an' I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor." (Tableau.)—*Peck's Sun.*

AN ADJOURNMENT FOR A PURPOSE.

Last week, over in Lundy, there was a case in the Justices' Court, in which Jim Townsend was a witness. A lawyer named Burnham made fun of Townsend's defense and badgered him in every way. Jim stood it with great patience for about an hour, when finally he said:

"May it please the court, I ask an adjournment."

"What for?" asked the court.

"Your Honor, I would like the court adjourned for five minutes while I go out and lick this infernal lawyer."

"I was just going out to do it myself, pard," replied the court, "but if you won't be over five minutes I'll adjourn."—*Carson (Neb.) Appeal.*

HE WAS PERFECTLY COMPETENT.

He wanted a position in a bank. The president was satisfied with his credentials, but before engaging him put him through a little Civil Service cross-examination. "Suppose, now, a man was to come in here and deposit \$20 in \$1 bills, how would you count them?" "I'd wet my fingers and lift up each bill until I got to the last one." "Why would you not lift up the last one?" "Because there might possibly be one more bill under it, and if the depositor was to see it he would want it back, but if the twentieth bill is not lifted up, and there should be another bill in the pile, the bank makes it, don't you see?" "You will do," said the bank president. "You have been in the business before, but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."

HE PROMPTLY CORRECTED HIS ERROR.

It was at a railway eating station. The man from Montana was hungry and in a hurry.

"Please pass me them pertaters, mester," he said, addressing the elder gentleman from Boston who sat next to him.

The Bostonian slowly focused his gold eyeglasses on the man from Montana.

"Did you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, expecting to see the man from Montana shrivel up, but no such phenomenon took place.

He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter, "George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir," asked "George."

"I want to apologize to you, that is all. You see I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now pass me them pertaters and we'll go on with the round-up."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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For all information relative to the Northern Pacific country, apply to or address,

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The Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at St. Paul Minn., and at Portland, Oregon, employs Norwegian, Swedish and German agents who meet intending settlers and give them all needed information and assistance.

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EASTERN LAND DISTRICT,

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Apply to **PAUL SCHULZE,**
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All along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands are offered by the United States Government to actual settlers under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture Laws. These are the best and most productive lands ever offered for settlement. MORE THAN ONE HALF of all the public land taken by private entry in the United States during the fiscal years of 1885 and 1886 is located in State and Territories traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. OVER 36 per cent of the number of all private entries made during the same period in the United States have been filed in Dakota.

Northern Pacific Railroad Lands

in Minnesota, and Dakota east of the Missouri River and within easy reach from established railroad stations on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches are now being sold at lower prices than those asked by the Government for adjoining sections.

Some of the Advantages of Buying Lands of the Railroad Company

Are that settlement is not made a condition of purchase; there is no delay in acquiring title to the lands purchased; and the preferred stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is received at par in payment of principal and interest upon lands in Minnesota and Dakota EAST of the Missouri River. The Northern Pacific Railroad lands are sold on very easy terms to actual settlers under the

TEN YEAR CREDIT PLAN.

This applies to all agricultural lands in both the Eastern and the Western Land Districts. Under this plan settlers will be required within one year from the date of purchase to build upon the land they may select, and also to break and cultivate not less than ONE-TENTH of the land during each of the first three years. The terms of payment are, one-tenth cash; at the end of the first year interest on the unpaid balance only; at the end of each of the next nine years, one-tenth of the principal, together with 7 per cent interest.

The Agricultural Lands of the Company are also for sale on the

FIVE YEAR CREDIT PLAN WITHOUT ANY REQUIREMENT AS TO SETTLEMENT.

WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, NORTH DAKOTA AND MONTANA.—For Lands in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, on the five years' plan, the terms of payment are, one sixth cash; balance in five equal annual installments with 7 per cent interest.

WASHINGTON, IDAHO AND OREGON.—For Lands in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, on the five years' plan, the terms of payment are, one-fifth cash; at the end of the first year interest on the unpaid balance only; at the end of each of the next four years one-fifth of the principal, with 7 per cent interest.

GRAZING LANDS in Dakota, Montana and Washington, in tracts of one section and over, are sold on ten years' time, without requiring settlement.

REBATES ON ALL LANDS IN MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA EAST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

A rebate of \$1 per acre will be made for the area broken and put under cultivation within the first two years after the sale.

REBATES OF RAILROAD FARE

A rebate of the full price of a "One Way Ticket" or one-half of the price of a "Round Trip Ticket" from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Superior to stations on the Northern Pacific Railroad in MINNESOTA AND NORTH DAKOTA may be applied in part-payment for 160 acres or more of the company's land in MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA, bought by and in the name of the purchaser of the ticket and within forty days from the date of the ticket. To secure the rebate the certificate printed on the ticket must be delivered to the General Land Agent at St. Paul, at the time of purchase of land and within the time specified above.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company owns desirable Lots and Blocks in most of the following named Towns, which are for sale at reasonable prices.

TOWNS IN EASTERN LAND DISTRICT ON MAIN LINE N. P. R. R.

MINNESOTA—Brainerd, Frazee City, Wadena (eastern terminus N. P., F. & B. H. R. R.)

WISCONSIN—Superior.

NORTH DAKOTA—Mapleton, Casselton, Windsor, Crystal Springs, Tappan, Menoken, Bismarck (Capital of Dakota and U. S. Land Office), Mandan, Marmot, New Salem, Sims, Glenullen, Hebron, Richardson, Taylor, Gladstone, Dickinson, Belfield. On N. P., F. & B. H. Branch—Wahpeton, Milnor (western terminus N. P., F. & B. H. R. R.) On the Fargo & Southwestern Branch—Leonard, Sheldon, Butzville, Lisbon, Marshall, LaMoure (western terminus of the F. & S. W. Branch). On the Jamestown & Northern Branch—Melville, Carrington (the junction of the Mouse River Branch of the Jamestown & Northern R. R.), Sykeston (the Mouse River Branch completed to this point), New Rockford, Edmunds, Minnewaukan (the terminus of the Jamestown & Northern Branch on Devils Lake, and supply point for Turtle Mountain and Mouse River country).

MONTANA—Helena (capital of Montana and U. S. Land Office), Garrison (junction of the Utah & Northern Railroad, Drummond, Missoula, Thompson's Falls, Glendive, Miles City (U. S. Land Office), Hathaway, Forsyth, Livingston (junction with the Yellowstone National Park Branch), Bozeman (U. S. Land Office), Moreland, Gallatin, Townsend.

TOWNS IN WESTERN LAND DISTRICT ON MAIN LINE N. P. R. R.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO—Tacoma (the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad), Spokane Falls (U. S. Land Office), Cheney, Sprague, Harrison, Ritzville, Pataha, North Yakima, Ainsworth, Rathdrum, Trent.

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One-quarter cash on application; balance in three (3) equal payments, due four (4), eight (8), and twelve (12) months from date of sale. Interest on deferred payments at the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum.

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GREAT FALLS, MONTANA,

Has the largest available water power on this continent. Tributary to it are the fertile fields of the Judith and Sun River valleys; the neighboring mountain forests; the most extensive and productive stock ranges in the West, and the rich gold, silver and galena mines of Neihart, Yogo, Barker and many other important mining districts. Lying at its very doors are the largest coal and iron fields west of the Mississippi.

Great Falls is the western Terminus of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, and the eastern terminus of the Montana Central. Work is now progressing rapidly upon the smelter located here, which is to be the largest and best equipped of any similar institution in the world. The completion of this great work will involve an expenditure of over \$2,000,000. Other manufacturing enterprises of about equal importance will be commenced here soon.

Possessed of such unparalleled natural resources, an abundance of capital and enterprise, no other place in the West offers better inducements to the settler and investor than Great Falls.

For further information address Great Falls Water Power & Town Site Company, Great Falls, Montana.

GENTLEMAN JIM.

In the diamond shaft worked Gentleman Jim,
Handsome of face, stout of limb,
Coarse in dress, but something in him,
Whether down in the coal mine, solid and grim,
Or wandering alone in holiday time,
Won the love and respect of all in that clime.

He had no sweetheart, he had no wife,
Some mighty sorrow had dimmed his life—
His earnings, hardly won and small,
Were at the orphans' and widows' call—
Of those who had perished in shaft or winze.
He was the friend of all living things,
And moving along in those toilsome ways
He wore the demeanor of gentler days.

In April last, when the mine fell in,
Beneath the timbers stood Gentleman Jim;
With giant grasp he flung two of the boys
Clear out of danger. With deafening noise
The shaft gave way on every side;
The boys were safe, but Jim, he died—
Died as men die, and will die again,
Giving their lives for their fellow-men.

When rocks and timbers were cleared away,
And Jim borne up to the light of day,
They took from his bosom, stained with blood,
Two withered leaves and a withered bud
Pinned on a card. "Toute-a-toi—Marie,"
Was written beneath them; beneath it he,
Who on his heart it for years had worn,
Had written, "All withered—except the thorn."

What life romance, what story of wrong,
This man had locked up in his soul so long
None who had loved him may ever know;
But the tale of his glorious, chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed—
A monument grander than sculptor e'er gave,
In the glory that hallows a martyr's grave.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

PROGRESS IN WESTERN DAKOTA.

GLADSTONE, STARK CO., DAK. July 15, 1888.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

The settlement of Stark Co., Dak., was begun in the spring of 1882 and during that year the villages of Dickinson, Gladstone and Taylor were platted and a liberal number of farmers opened farms surrounding these places. The year of 1882 proved to be one of the best seasons for grain crops of all kinds and so the news was carried abroad and the following year a considerable influx of immigration took place, settling around Antelope and Richardton, a village being platted at the latter place, also at Fryburg and Belfield. Considerable numbers of farmers also settled at south Heart. The following year, 1884, was reasonably good for crops of small grain and good crops of oats and wheat were harvested but as yet no home market was offered, so the farmer sold at no great profit his entire crop as best he could. The years of 1885, 1886 and 1887 proved to have been not so good as the previous ones, especially the two latter, still the country has grown and prospered and now with a most beautiful crop prospect in sight and prices advancing, along with the fact that we have a good mar-

ket for all products of the farm right at our railway depots, to say that we are hopeful is drawing it mild indeed. The unusually hard winter of two years ago, when stock on the ranges died in such numbers, showed our farmers that they would be able to raise cattle at a profit by feeding during the winter as there was too much risk to run in trying to rustle cattle through with no fodder in sight in event of trying storms and deep snows. The lesson thus learned has caused a vast increase of stock in the country and ample provisions for feeding stock in winter have been made.

The two poor grain seasons has added another feature to the diversified farming of the West Missouri country and that is the putting in of creameries and cheese factories. Quite a number of each are now in active operation and more will be built the coming year. Dickinson the county seat is growing fast enough for health. She has no boom nor does she want one, but a good healthy growth. Gladstone has the only flour mill (a roller mill, capacity 75 bbls per day) in the county. Taylor is doing well and is surrounded with the finest land to be found in the county. Richardton, South Heart, Antelope and Belfield are each and every one offering inducements to farmers in the way of good locations, good water, abundant coal and soil that cannot be beaten in the wide world. If no disaster overtakes the grain crops of Stark County she will market more than double the amount of grain she did last year.

G. S. CRYNE.

A NEW BLIZZARD TALE.

"Yes," said he as he leaned up against the counter in a little New England dry goods store, "them Dakota blizzards is terrible. I lived there two years and I don't want no more on it. I was snow bound on a train near Cooperstown, Dakota, once an' the only way I saved my life was by the exercise of my medical knowledge. You see I am a doctor, and I carry around with me my medicinals, and yarbs, and things. When we got stuck in the snow at Bald Eagle Creek, the thermometer showed sixty-eight degrees below zero in the shade, an' it was all shade. Thar was 200 passengers aboard an' after we had been thar about eighteen hours, and the fires had died out, their sufferin' waz horrible. They just screamed with agony. The cold would come in long white bolts, like lightning, and pierce 'em to the heart. They tried praying to save their lives, and it warmed 'em up some, but they gradually croaked off till there was only a few of us left. The wind was running at the rate of a hundred miles an hour an' we were fifty feet under the snow. Well I commenced to freeze, and just as the freeze bolt struck me I saw my medicine case lying on the seat. An idea struck me. I took off my sealskin cap, my buffalo overcoat, my cotton socks; an two pair of woolen socks, and my arctic overshoes, an my buckskin underwear, an' my German socks. I grabbed the valise and secured all the Benson caprine plasters I had. I always carry 'em, I covered myself with them from the top of my head to the soles of my feet,—

put on my clothes, took a drink of Dazey whiskey an' I was saved. I was hermetically sealed agin' cold as it were."

"Well, sir, if you were fifty feet under the snow how could you see your medicine case?"

"A—hem! Enybody can see that you never lived in Dakota. The snow is so light an' the air is so clear—"

"Rats! Are you a physician?"

"That's what. I ain't one of them regulars, but I understand doctering. I cured a man of the typhoid fever once, and just as I had got 'his vibration fixed, an' the water off his brain they called in old Newell and old Kerr, a couple of hoss doctors, and they killed him. That's why I left. I was disgusted. They hadn't ot to admit such a lot of ignorant people into the Union. The Democrats is right."—*Coopers-town Courier*.

HEAPS OF FUN.

There is a heap of fun and lots of joy cruising over a timber claim, with a big bundle strapped to your back, hunting for section lines, section corners, quarter posts, and blazes, climbing and descending steep and timbered hills, crossing the gurgling creeks, and getting stuck in muddy swamps, forcing your way through thorny briars and brushy brambles, snagging shoes, and tearing clothes, and grasping devils' clubs until your hand feels as though it had been stuck in a hornet's nest, and tumbling over snags and logs and brush until you feel as though you had been through a sausage machine, and then at last when night comes, to end for a time your business and your toil, you think with that pack on your back, lay out a camp, eat your rustic meal and rest under the falling rains of heaven, without shelter, tired and hungry, you snooze the snooze of a land hunter, and dream of corner posts, and devils' clubs, and compasses, and mud and rain and timber, etc. Yes, there is lots of fun going over the timber claims of this country, you bet.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

MONEY IN SAWDUST.

In Washington Territory we burn our sawdust or throw it in the streams, and so kill the fish. That is Washington Territory style—the sort of free-handed pioneer way of letting the morrow take care of itself, and throwing away a shirt and buying a new one rather than take the trouble to have the old one washed. In Maine—the land of steady habits—they know better. They neither destroy their sawdust nor make an instrument of destruction out of it. They bale it and sell it for packing, stable purposes, etc. By a new process of pressing, eight barrels of sawdust are put into a bale 24x36 inches in size. A local newspaper remarks: "Among the inventions of recent years perhaps few are destined to play so important a part in the lumber manufacturing regions as this device for utilizing sawdust."—*Port Townsend Call*.

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I have in this way equipped many railway and car shops, and I know of no instance in which entire satisfaction has not been given. Terms of payment made satisfactory.

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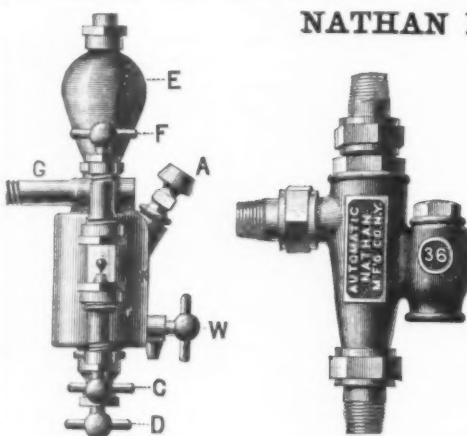
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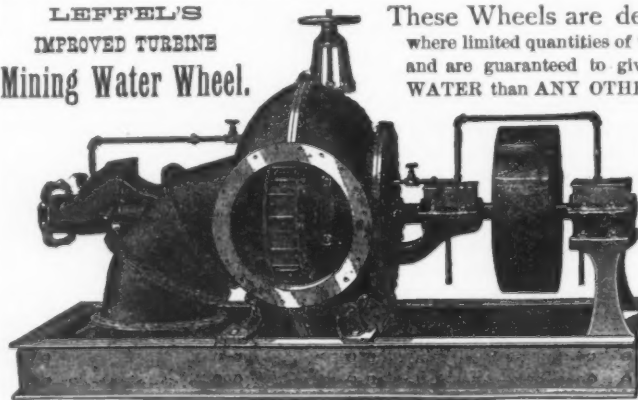
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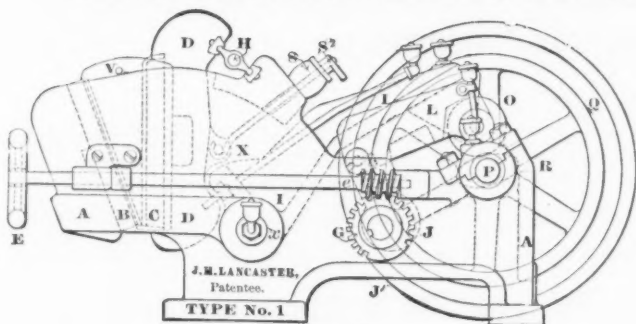
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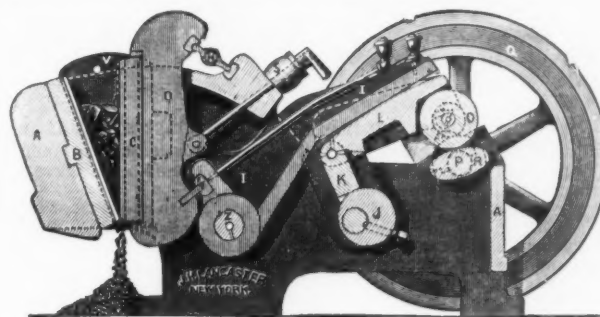
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TYPE NO. 1 LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

THESE NOVEL MACHINES ARE DESIGNED to fill the most exacting requirements for rapid action and yielding a uniform product. They have fewer parts and simpler adjustments than any other Rock Breakers or Crushers heretofore extant. They are specially adapted for crushing all kinds of rock, ore, slag, corundum, cement, flint, trap, road metal, gannister, quartz, pyrites, emery stone, coprolites, etc. The "Lancaster" Crushers are instantly adjusted to produce any required size of fineness of uniform product and this can be instantly done by any unskilled hand.

THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT MEANS of adjustment, which are illustrated herewith and known respectively as Types No. 1 and 2. In all other features and qualifications they exactly resemble each other. The prices differ somewhat but both types of machines are warranted to be perfect in every respect. Comparative tests with other makers' machines are invited.

THE WHOLE FORWARD movement of the jaw in both types of machines is completed by, at most, one-fourth the revolution of the cam, so that the quick and powerful motion of the jaw resembles a KNAPPING OR HAMMER-LIKE BLOW, more than can be got by any other Rock-breaker, all others being worked from either an eccentric or crank shaft.

EITHER MACHINE NEED ONLY RUN AT HALF THE SPEED of any other makers' Rock Breaker to do the same amount of work, OR IF RUN AT THE SAME SPEED, will do nearly twice the amount of work in corresponding time. Conveyors, elevators and rotary screens may be readily fitted, and either types of the Crushers may also be made portable or in sections if desired.

The "Lancaster" Rock Breaking and Crushing Machines will successfully break and crush the hardest and most refractory substances as well also as softer minerals, and may be operated by hand, horse-gear, steam, water, wind-mill, or other available power.

The novel action of the jaws of these new Crushers produces equal quantity of output, OF ANY UNIFORM SIZE, BY ONE-HALF THE USUAL POWER, and their respective weights are only about ONE-THIRD that of any other makers' type of Breaker and Crusher of corresponding capacity.

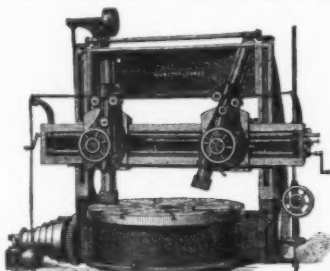
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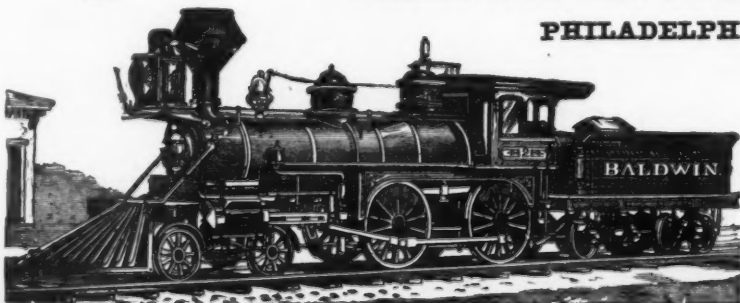
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Rapid Growth of Spokane Falls.

Spokane Falls, W. T., is coming to the front more rapidly than any city in the Northwest Pacific slope. Her growth and the rapid increase in values are permanent. The mining, lumbering, farming, grazing, manufacturing and other interests are rapidly pouring their wealth into her coffers. I. S. Kaufman & Co., the oldest real estate dealers in the place, have made fortunes for many of their outside customers, by making careful and judicious investments for them, and are ready to make others happy. Best of references furnished if desired.

Webster, the New Spokane Falls Suburb.

The popular Webster tract lies one and one-half miles northwest from the city of Spokane Falls, W. T., sloping gently towards the beautiful Spokane River which adjoins Webster on the southwest, and lying as it does 210 feet above the river, the location is a healthful one and the scenery unsurpassed. The prairie at Webster is smooth and for many months of the year represents one grand flower garden, dotted here and there as it is with very many beautiful evergreen trees. The second depot from Spokane Falls in the Seattle direction via S. L. S. & E. will be located at Webster, the first being located at "Alta Vista." The river at Webster furnishes 5,000 horse power. One can readily read the wonderful future of the city of Spokane falls and vicinity. Denver City, Colorado, reaches from its center six miles in every possible direction; so will Spokane and Webster in the near future, and with her thousands of intelligent people, with her beautiful homes on either side of her grand avenue, her hundreds of busy mercantile houses, and with her many active factories, be no small factor in the building up of one of the most powerful business centers of the Northwest.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of the wall it isn't the cat we object to, it's the the waul.

A small boy, required to write a sentence containing the word "hominy," produced the following: "Hominy marbels have you?"

Teacher—"For what was Ananias struck dead?" New boy, from Kansas: "For publishing the signal service predictions.—*Burdette.*"

A wit says that the year 1888 is a good time for old bachelors to cogit-8, the girls to reciproc-8 and not hesit-8. In other words, 1888 is the year to ma-8.

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "What for?" "So I could have seen him hung, the villain."

"Mother is always telling me not to bolt my food," said a small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the victuals."

Mother—"Are you sure, my dear, that the ladies cabin is on this side of the boat?" Daughter: "Why, of course. Don't you see that it's crowded with men?"

A man may ask what induced him to make a law student of his son. "Oh, he was always a lying little cuss, and I thought I would humor his leading propensity."

A boy may groan, and from sickness may moan, from the church or the school to stay; but there's no pain so deep him from circus can keep, because he isn't built that way.

Whether tall men or short men are best,
Or bold men and modest and shy men,
I can't say; but this, I protest:
All the fair sex are in favor of Hymen.

Sunday-school Teacher illustrating the "still, small voice"—"What is it dear children, that makes you feel so uncomfortable and unhappy after you have done something which you ought not to do?" Dear Child: "A liekin."

"I hear you have changed your boarding place?" "Yes; had to do it. My old place was too luxurious. A dinner of three courses every day was ruining my digestion apparatus." "Three courses? What are they?" "Napkins, ice-water and toothpicks."—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE GAVE WHAT SHE HAD.—Alphonso: "I am a poor man, Miss De Pink, but I am industrious, honest, and ambitious, and if you—you would—Oh, Miss De Pink, Alice—" Miss De Pink: "Why, certainly. I haven't much to give, but you are welcome. Here's ten cents."—*Omaha World.*

Enter Irishman (picking up a six-ounce bottle from the counter)—"Good mornin', yer honor. What would be the price of a bottle this size?" Druggist: "Two cents; but if you are going to have anything put in it it will cost you one cent." Irishman: "Faith, then, yer honor, shove a cork in."

PROVIDING FOR CONTINGENCIES.—Mamma: "If you'll have your French lesson absolutely perfect to-night I'll make you a big angel cake." Ethel: "That will be nice, mamma, and while you are about it you might make a medium-sized one to give me in case I make one or two little mistakes."

"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mornin'," said young Mr. Sissy to his pretty cousin, "and just for a joke, y'know, I asked Snipem if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah."

An editor, who does not mind a joke at his own expense, says he went into a drug store recently and asked for some morphine. The assistant objected to give it without a prescription. "Why, asked the editor, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" "I don't know," said the assistant, "If I looked like you I should be tempted."

A very distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church found himself stranded in a little town away down in the backwoods of Maine last summer, and had to put up at a farmhouse, where he was hospitably entertained. "Do you have many Episcopalians down here?" he inquired of his hostess. "Well, really now, I don't know," she answered; "our hired man shot some sort of a queer critter down back of the barn the other day, but he allowed it was a woodchuck."—*Boston Herald.*

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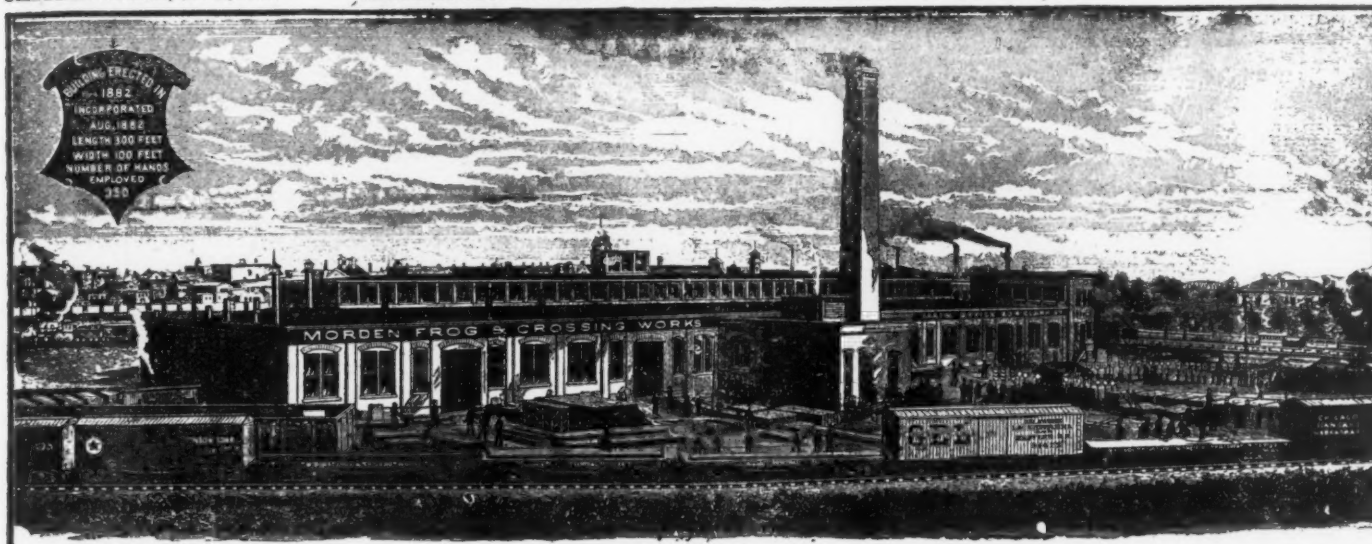
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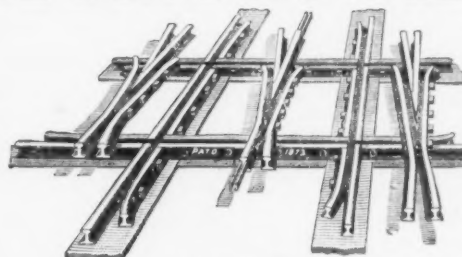
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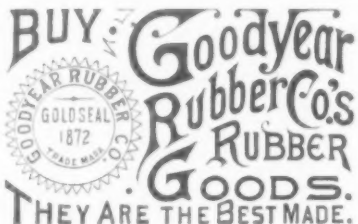
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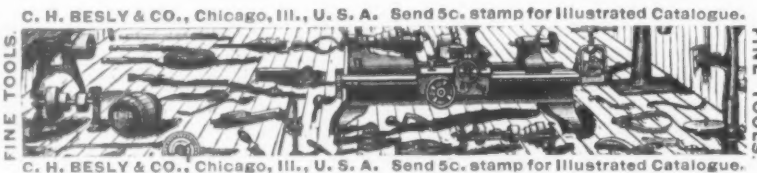
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